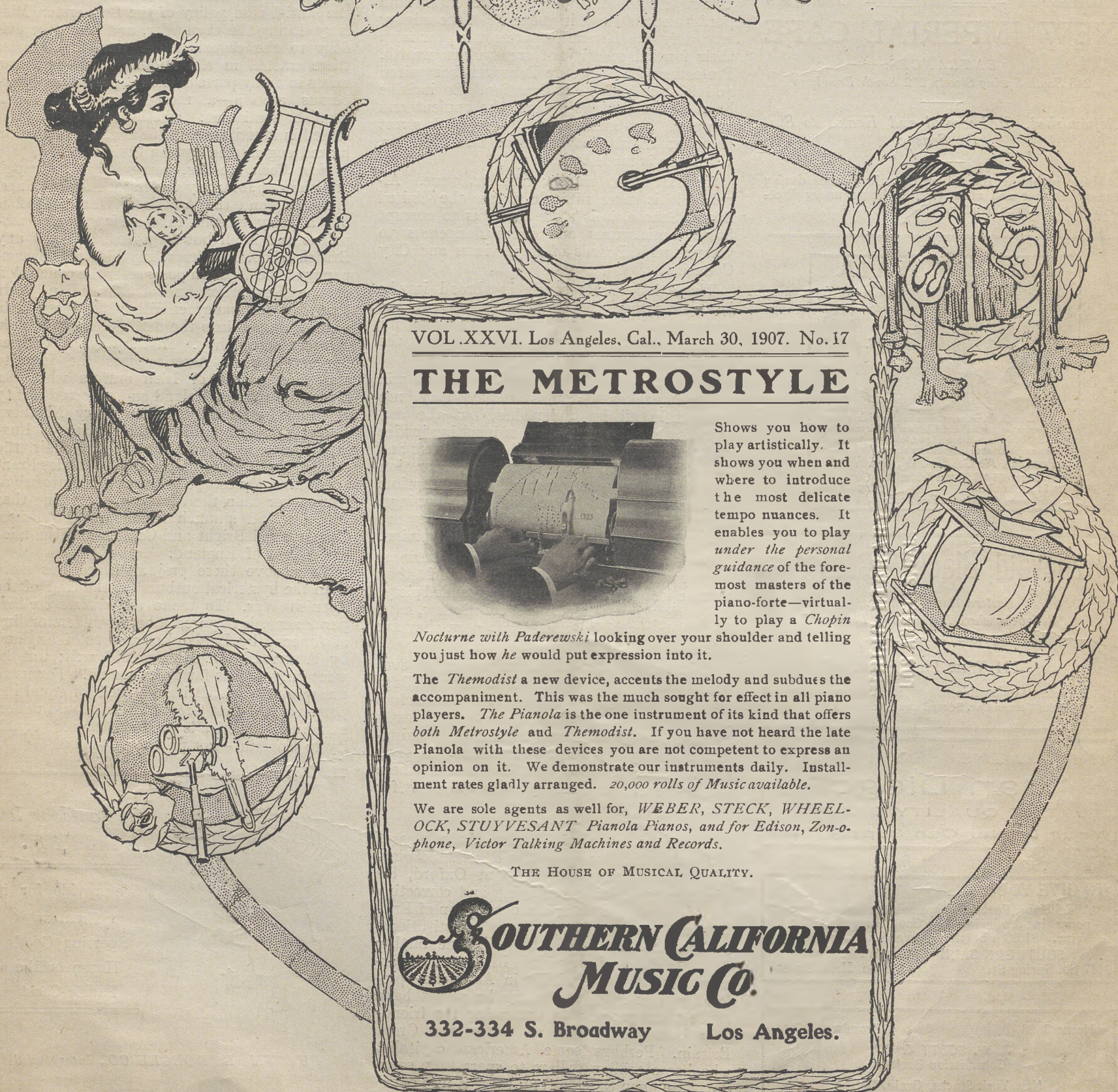
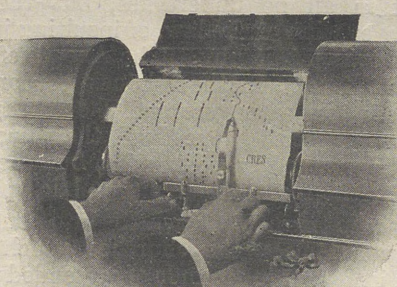


Graphic



VOL. XXVI. Los Angeles, Cal., March 30, 1907. No. 17

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Editorial

To filch a dollar is dishonest and may land you in the penitentiary. To borrow a dollar and not repay it on demand is shameful and may destroy your credit.

But it is smart and of good report Taking —as the great verdict, public opinion, Stock. goes—to accumulate a fortune by transgressing all other laws and codes both human and divine, as long as you are not found out and brought to book.

Such, in a nutshell, is the philosophy, or rather the specious heresy, of the twentieth century High Finance.

But such heresies are being opposed. There is an irresistible wave sweeping across the United States demanding the prevention and punishment of those in the seats of the mighty who defy the law and oppress the poor from their fancied security of tremendous wealth. Pre-eminently, Theodore Roosevelt has voiced and led the general indignation. So incisive have been his blows against the opulent and arrogant law-breaker that the Wall street gamblers tremble at his name and even Mr. Harriman is made to halt.

Capital must sing a different tune. Already it is more difficult to use the United States Senate, it is more tortuous to corrupt State Legislatures and more dangerous to tamper with Boards of Supervisors and City Councils.

The spirit of Roosevelt is abroad in the land; or rather, the President epitomizes the general revolt against special privileges for the few and unfair discrimination against the smaller fry.

The Interstate Commerce Commission will make mistakes. Francis Heney may not succeed in all he undertakes, but the day of crafty evasion of the law, of insulting justice and truth, is passing by. The Abe Ruefs and the E. H. Harrimans, the dishonest corporation promoters and managers and the corruptible political "bosses," have had their innings. They have waxed exceeding fat, but they are prime for the meat-axe of just public opinion.

Men who turn their clubs into business assignation houses, the churches which they warden into parade grounds of pretended piety, and society into one vulgar show window, have had their prominence in print; now, they are overdue for less enviable notoriety.

It is high time for the unscrupulous, however successful, to take stock, not of their holdings but of their souls—to confess to themselves how much of their fortunes have been honestly earned, how much gained by thieving manipulations or by dishonest speculation. If they do not discover their own littlenesses, there are Roosevelts and Heneyes who will do it for them.

When the late Cecil Rhodes, the "Colossus of South Africa" endowed the Rhodes Scholarships for American students at Oxford, his aim was to assist in rectifying and correcting

the American conception of England and English institutions. Had Cecil Rhodes gone farther and provided Rhodes Scholarships for English students in American—preferably Western—institutions he would have made more progress in cementing the friendship between the United States and Great Britain. Perhaps some American capitalist who has a million dollars to spare may some day seize upon this idea and carry it into effect as a supplementary, and very necessary, portion, of Cecil Rhodes's plan.

While it is true that the American—particularly the Middle Western—conception of England is crude, the English conception of all things American is still more vague. The Middle Westerner, by tradition, inherits a deal of anti-British feeling arising out of the events along the Northern border during and prior to the War of 1812. This inheritance has been handed down from father to son. Even as late as 1875 the boys of the writer's day and generation were "fighting the British" and no doubt a deal of the feeling still exists. Irish agitators and the presence of many Irish-born or Irish-descended people in all the cities and towns served to feed the anti-British prejudice. To this add the resentment felt at the anti-Union policy of the Palmerston Ministry during the Civil War, and it will be evident to the casual reader that for decades there existed in the Middle West—and still exists in many parts of that populous and prosperous section—a most pronounced anti-English sentiment, whether the cause originated in inheritance, in the Irish element or in hatred engendered by the Civil War.

Now Cecil Rhodes, being British, through and through, scarcely understood these things. With England the American War of 1812 is but a petty episode in the Napoleonic campaigns and is all but forgotten. Few if any British school boys know anything of the occupancy of the Western posts after the conclusion of the Revolution and of the Indian Wars that this occupancy entailed; but these facts were drummed into the heads of every Middle Western school boy. In the days of Charles Stewart Parnell America was the favorite stamping ground of Irish orators who told about the woes of Ireland and collected plenty of funds incidentally. Then every Northern soldier and sympathizer "had it in for England" on account of the Alabama affair, the studied insolence of Palmerston to Chas. Francis Adams, the escape of the Confederate privateers other than the Alabama, forgetting that America had staunch friends in the Prince Consort, and Bright and Cobden and the middle classes of England.

To remove these prejudices requires more than the hysterical outburst at the time of the Spanish War. To make the *entente cordiale* permanent, is required a better understanding of America by England as well as of England by America. Mr. Rhodes did well; but he went only half as far as he should. For us to understand Great Britain is well; of equal importance is it that Great Britain should understand us. America is willing to concede equality to England—not primacy.



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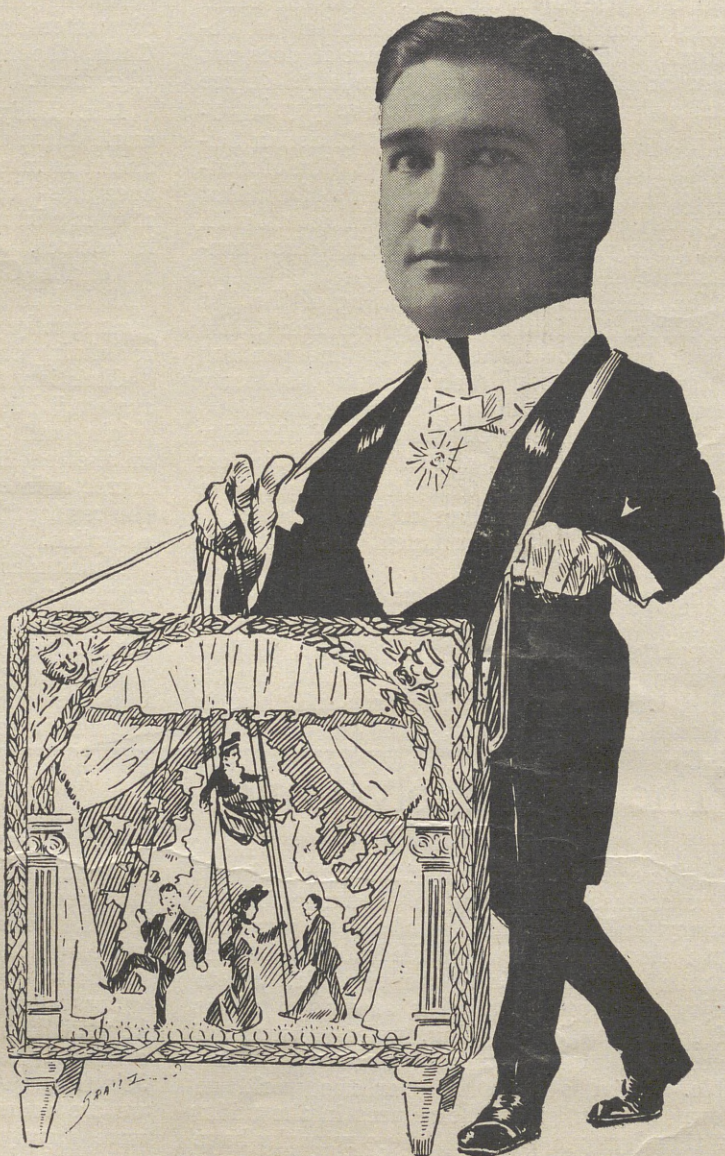
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Winfield Scott
Manager

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Who's Who in Los Angeles LXXXIV



OLIVER MOROSCO

A man who looks you straight in the eye, who has positive opinions, but is open to conviction, a man who is modest without being self-depreciatory—that is the impression gained from a half hour's conversation with Oliver Morosco. Mr. Morosco has played a large part on the stage of Los Angeles history—and

he has played that part well. On his entrance here he possessed "forty dollars, a family, and not a debt in the world." He has grown with the city, and has made a success, not alone in money matters, but in gaining a position among his fellow men.

In truth, Oliver Morosco has never cheated

any one but himself—but he must cheat himself of the home life he loves, else he could not successfully handle his many interests. Not only does he personally attend to the management of his theater, and operate unobtrusively in the real estate market, but he is superintending the erection of a handsome new home in

Westmoreland Park, is an automobile enthusiast, and is also a playwright and poet. Surely that is a list of endeavors that few men can equal.

He has a quiet pride in the realization of his ambitions that is justified, but it is about his plays that he grows enthusiastic. He collaborated with Harry Cottrell in two Western dramas, *The Judge and the Jury* and *The Halfbreed*, which are yielding excellent royalties. In the next month or two he will produce a new play—*The Man She Loves*—which is solely the child of his own brain. Further than this he has written the lyrics for two very successful songs, *Maquita* and *My Little Pappoose*, which have made a decided hit and for which orders are constantly pouring in.

Mr. Morosco has purchased a number of plays and today he has no less than a dozen on the road. He employs a man to read the plays offered to him, and himself carefully peruses those selected as "possible." He has given a number of dramas their first productions, notable among which is Richard Walton Tully's *Juanita of San Juan*, which re-christened *The Rose of the Rancho*, has made a New

York success.

Oliver Morosco believes firmly in the future of Los Angeles, and he declares that the great "White Way" will never draw him to New York. In his opinion, Los Angeles is, in proportion to its population, the greatest theatrical town in the United States. He has helped direct its destiny, endeavoring as he has to make his theater an important factor in the city's progress. He and his father first introduced stock work on the Pacific Coast in the old Howard Street Theater, at San Francisco, thus marking an epoch in Western theatrical history.

Mr. Morosco declares that he has never really known reverses. He started life in Logan, Utah—he is not a Mormon, however,—on June 20, 1875. At an early age he moved to San Francisco, and for a short time studied at Fruitvale. For the next eight years, and during a career as an acrobat, in which he toured the United States, he received private tuition. At seventeen he was manager of the Auditorium Theater, at San José, and at eighteen was treasurer of the Grand Opera House, at San Francisco. Incited by family differences, he left his father's employ and in

1895 came to Los Angeles to assume the management of the Burbank. Thirteen unsuccessful managers preceded him, but from the moment Mr. Morosco took the helm there was fair sailing.

In 1897 he married Miss Annie Cockrell, and has one small son who is evidently the pride of his father's heart. Mr. Morosco's youthful tastes were for blood-and-thunder melodrama, but his young heir's run to the other extreme, the boy's favorite play being *Romeo and Juliet*.

Mr. Morosco has but one superstition—he believes that a black cat brings good luck. His official mascot is a coal black feline named *Maquita*, which recently presented him with four kittens. Therefore there is no fear in Mr. Morosco's heart as to the future of his new \$300,000 theater, which the Hamburgers are erecting for him.

What but success can follow this venture when those kittens are named *Johnson, Cline, Stevens* and *Skinner*.

That Oliver Morosco has made a success of life is undoubted, and he has spelled *Success* by building each letter by square means and painstaking care.

The Power of Suggestion

By W. E. BROWN

The article under caption *The Power of Suggestion* in the *Graphic* of March 23, conveys the impression that suggestion "lies at the root of Christian Science." This is incorrect.

Christian Science is opposed, both in theory and practice, to hypnotism, mesmerism, and auto-suggestion, and furthermore is not allied in any way with mental science, faith cure, or mind cure.

While Christian Science recognizes the influence of the human mind over physical conditions, it does not in any way utilize this mind as a healing agency; in fact, Christian Science considers this human or mortal mind as the cause of all discord which must be displaced by the Divine Mind before true healing can occur.

Suggestion attempts to cure disease by the displacement or substitution of one condition of thought for another and is wholly the product of the human or carnal mind, while Christian Science operates wholly from the basis of Divine Mind, totally destroying the errors and evils of the human mind.

The results of substitution through suggestion are temporary and "the last state of that

man is worse than the first." On the other hand when a discordant condition is destroyed through Christian Science it does not recur and the patient has ascended a degree spiritually and morally, as well as physically.

In reply to the assertion that Christian Science rests upon the "misinterpretation of matter" it is well to consider the views of eminent physical scientists who are now in accord with Mrs. Eddy's teachings regarding the non-existence of matter.

The idea that matter is a thing of thought an externalization of the human mind, and not an entity or element having independent life apart from thought or mentality, is clearly shown from the following citations:

Professor Wilhelm Oswald of the University of Leipsic, Germany, writes thus of matter: "Matter is a thing of thought which we have constructed for ourselves rather imperfectly to represent what is permanent in the change of phenomena."

Professor Huxley tells us that the only world we know or can possibly know is a thought world. Professor Fiske writes, "Apart from consciousness there are no such things as color, form, position, or hardness and there is no such thing as matter."

Among others who subscribe to this theory of matter are Professors Crookes, Lodge and Curie, the latter being the famous discover of radium.

Mrs. Eddy gave this information to the world more than a quarter of a century ago, and it is interesting to note that Natural Science has changed its teaching in regard to matter, virtually, admitting that her teaching is correct.

To the Christian Scientist the statement "All is Mind" is a demonstrable fact and he is constantly proving it by healing the sick and reclaiming the sinner on that basis.

Christian Science is not a "quasi-religious system," but is wholly religious in its nature, origin and practice, being based exclusively on the teachings of Jesus Christ. That it has correctly interpreted his doctrine is proved by the results it has enabled its adherents to accomplish.

Multitudes of hopeless invalids have been restored; opium, whiskey and morphine slaves liberated; shattered homes have been reunited, and in each instance the moral and spiritual standards have been raised, as physical and improvements are inseparably allied with spiritual regeneration.

The Real Holy Land

By STINSON JARVIS

For a long time I have wished to write an expurgated history of the Holy Land. For fifteen centuries the pilgrims in Palestine have been relieved of their money by means of deceptions. Mark Twain is almost the only writer who has dealt with these in an honest way. But with him it is to laugh. He merely presented the absurd side and passed on through the sense of humor which he made so contagious rarely concealed his own contempt. But other sideshows have been started since he was there, and the fleecing of ignorant devotees is so much on the increase that there is now a grotto, cave or church to mark almost every event mentioned in the bible. All these, without exception, receive money under false pretenses.

The result is that Palestine has become the religious Coney Island of the world, with more side shows than Coney can even hope for.

Yet the celebrated suburb of New York always gave at least something in exchange for the money and thousands go there to pay and get fooled and to laugh while knowing beforehand that swindle is in the very air, and to enjoy the experience. The sacerdotal chaps of Palestine give nothing, unless a sense of personal sanctity can be considered marketable. Pilgrims from all over the world go down reverently on their knees in the midst of time-honored frauds. These remarks have no reference to those undoubted landmarks which are incapable of change and which were the localities well known to the greatest of teachers. But, without exception, these are out of doors. The Mount of Olives, the Kidron, the valley of Hinnon, the site of the ancient Jerusalem, Bethany, Carmel, Nazareth, Shechem, the Jordan and the two lakes are there forever; but these, with some wretched villages

like Magdala and Cana (whose names were preserved through the Arabic) are among the few sights which are genuine, and they are quite sufficient; for the religion of Christ was of the sunlight and never needed a roof.

Jerusalem has been existence from a time beyond history. When the Israelites first arrived it was the royal headquarters of the Jebusites. At that time its record, so far as we are concerned, began; but if that history were merely confined to a statement of its many rebuildings, alterations, sieges and destructions, many pages would be filled. Local students know that ancient parts of the city lie buried under debris and rubbish and in some parts this has been excavated to a depth of forty feet. The reason for its prehistoric selection for a stronghold was evidently due to the fact that on two sides of what may be called its triangle it was bordered by precipices

or deep ravines which gave it a natural protection on all except its northerly side—and also because it always contained subterranean springs.

Thus, like New York, it was chosen because of its shape. It only required a wall protection on its northerly side, as New York was protected on its northerly side by a wall which occupies the present site of Wall street. Like New York, Jerusalem could extend only northerly, and in the time of Herod there were villas, private residences and gardens outside the northerly gates. Herod Agrippa II. subsequently enclosed these by a further wall, the site of which is now unknown. But this was after the crucifixion, and Titus probably used all its material a few years later, when he built the wall under cover of which he attacked the citadel.

This then was the condition of the city at the time of the crucifixion—a small fortified area densely packed with Jews, with the villas of the rich extending for an unknown distance on the plateau beyond the northerly gates. The walled district, which in size has never greatly varied, is now two and a half miles in circumference, and can be encircled in an easy morning stroll. The interminable wars of the Jews, both among themselves and against others, led to a party conflict in which Herod and his sister Berenice had to flee, and this renewed the ideas of the Jews that they could throw off the Roman yoke. In the first thirty-five years after the death of Christ there was frightful slaughter among the Jews themselves, and then Vespasian sent Titus with six legions to annihilate them. This he did in April, A. D. 70, when Jerusalem was again reduced to a rubbish heap. The different parts of the city were separately taken after desperate defence. Except some friends of Josephus (who had assisted Titus) all those who had escaped the famine were put to death or taken away as slaves. None escaped, because Titus had surrounded the fortress. For the next fifty years, Jerusalem ceased to exist. If there were any in the city who, in A. D. 70, still remembered where the locally unknown Galilean had been entombed, they were now executed or taken off to build the Colosseum at Rome and end their lives in slavery. Not until A. D. 130 did the Emperor Hadrian begin to build a new town on the old site, and after that period the history of the city was for centuries buried in profound obscurity.

These facts show that the possibility of there being any tradition as to the locality of the sepulchre still existent in the time of Constantine is outside probability; and it is important, that in the fourth century a statute of Jupiter occupied the present site of the alleged sepulchre. It has to be remembered that the ancient importance of Jerusalem as a religious center had nothing to do with Christianity till the fourth century. The historian, Josephus, who assisted Titus, merely mentions the Galilean as a disturber of the peace, and a modern historian, who ransacked every authority for his history of the city, says: "There is no evidence that the burial place of Christ was revered or even known in the earlier centuries of the Christian era. Moreover, the story of the finding of the spot in the reign of Constantine, with its alleged miracles, affords a very strong probability that no tradition on the subject was then in existence. On the other hand, it was natural that when Christianity became the Roman state religion inquiry should be made regarding the site. Historians say that Helena, Constantine's mother, prompted by a divine vision, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and there discovered not only the sepulchre but also the actual cross itself.



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He is probably the biggest bookmaker in

the United States today, and makes the biggest money, as he deserves to, for he does not deal in "dead ones."

He hails from Australia whose maxim is "Advance Australia."

Incidentally he is the Real Power at Ascot. George Rose is It. A good many people don't know this but it is so.

With the recognition of Christianity, the history of the city began a new era. Constantine permitted Jews to live in Jerusalem, on which they immediately took up arms against the Romans. After A. D. 451, pilgrimages to Jerusalem became very frequent. Pope Gregory and several of the western states erected buildings for the accommodation of the pilgrims and at the same time a thriving trade in relics of every description began to be carried on in Jerusalem. Relics which were manufactured and foisted on a childlike world are still exhibited in Europe.

Thus we see that for over fourteen and a half centuries the market value of the Christian pilgrim has been well understood. It is stated with authority that up to the last century there was a heavy tax placed upon pilgrims for admission to the alleged sepulchre; though after the Crusades, some of these fees went to the Moslems, who have also been fully alive

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to the money value of the Christian pilgrim.

That such a great and apparently eternal source of revenue in fees and relics should become lost through the alleged tomb passing into the hands of the Moslems was something unendurable; and the fanaticisms, brutalities and pillagings of the hordes who went eastward at the time of the Crusades originated in greed.

In the last seventy years many educated visitors have studied the bible accounts and other facts which show that the tomb supplied by Joseph of Arimathea could not possibly have been in the heart of the old city, but the ability of long established legend to compel unworthy silence has always been potent, and while English students have merely insinuated that the site selected through an alleged dream was a wrong one, it remained for an American

to denounce the whole of this commercialism as an unmitigated fake. Because all crucified people live upon the cross from one and a half to three days before they died, Pilate refused to believe Joseph when he came a few hours later on the same day to ask for the body, and it was not until he had got the further evidence of the centurion that Pilate would believe that Christ was so soon dead. So it was evidently easy to go to and from the small eminence called "gulgolet" (skull) in a short time. In this plateau (then occupied by villas) the garden and new tomb of Joseph must have been, because in any other direction the different bearers of the cross must have crossed deep ravines, of which there is no mention. Moreover, it was against the law for anybody to be buried within the walls. In the tiny fortress which was sometimes packed with 600,000 people, to bury the dead

among the living would have been to cause plague. Uncountable myriads have come to die at Jerusalem (as they still come) because for ages it has been El Khuds, "The Sanctuary," of the Arabs and the holy city of the Jews and one of the holy cities of the Mahometans, who are here to have their resurrection—so that strict laws as to outside burial had always to be observed. Outside the city, and in every direction, the rock is honeycombed with tombs of various sizes, including those finer ones supposed to have been first cut for the prehistoric kings of the land. It is absurd to suppose that an unknown stranger, who was simply regarded by the Jews as a disturber, should be accorded the honor of a burial inside the walls when even the kings of the Hebrews had to be buried outside.

In my next letter I shall present something about the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.

Theophilus Dingbat's Meanderings

Well, what do *you* think about it? Have you concluded that it is better to remain honest and poor?

(You will notice that I reverse the usual order. It used to be "poor and honest." There is a subtle distinction here that reminds one of the odor of stale salt codfish.)

But, after all, you will say, the ill-gotten gains of the supervisory cheap grafters in San Francisco has really profited them little. In the terror of new-born, fearsome repentance, they wish themselves happily back to their respective bakery wagons, bars and blacksmith shops, or whatever their honorable occupations used to be.

This article is to be strictly a meander. There are so many live wires and fresh tracks that it is impossible to get down to brass tacks and ultimate findings. These are matters for the historian. Impressions are not history.

It is pleasing to feel the wholesome glow

of the warm fact that it pays to be honest. We are in danger of forgetting it in these mad days of the reign of the dollar. We are glad that we are not as other men—who have got caught.

Has it occurred to you that we, each and all of us, are possessed of our own particular form of graft? Graft is not necessarily confined to the giving and taking of bribes. You shall find graft, if you will, that has not the smudge or smell of the dollar taint.

But this is meandering too far. The San Francisco scandal is our proper meat. "The San Francisco-Los Angeles scandal," do I hear you say? Not yet. The cat has not jumped. Very likely it will.

I wish every man who is plodding along in the rut of the daily newspaper grind could obtain the outside point of view occasionally. I heard an emancipated brother say, the other day, that every man who has been in the newspaper business steadily for five years should get out of it for at least a year, just to be out of the rut, to associate with other peoples' ideas, and get the other fellow's point of view.

The average newspaper editor forms the only class that habitually washes the dirty linen of his own personal grievances before the public view, regardless of whether or no the public is at all interested. The temptation is great, I confess. What is the use of owning or controlling a Great Newspaper if one may not air his own petty grievances and tell Big Ones about his rivals and his ancient enemies?

But what seems eminently proper to the Great Editor in his own case would be utter dampfoolishness in the merchant or the doctor or the lawyer. Nevertheless, the Great Editor tries to make himself believe that the world is hanging on his utterances about his rivals, and is deeply interested in his most biased representations. Fudge! And then some!

But what has all this to do with the graft revelations at San Francisco? Merely that each paper's comment is from the biased personal point of view of the editor, who, from long habit, is utterly incapable of taking a broad, judicial view.

Thus we see one Great Editor lambasting certain of the San Francisco supervisors, mainly because they were trades-union men before they became grafters; likewise utterly ignoring the bribe givers in the dispensation of his righteous wrath.

Another, because he bears a personal grudge, calls loudly upon a rival Great Editor, who is a stockholder in a certain corporation,

to expose the graft while there is yet time, oblivious to the fact that there are other stockholders.

Another Great Editor, because he dislikes still another Great Editor, gleefully retails shop gossip of about as much interest to the general public as what the Joneses had for dinner on a certain day last month. And there are still other Great Editors who imagine they are saying Crushing Things when they distort a rival Great Editor's front name.

Having meandered thus far we may safely return to the original subject. Two things stand out quite prominently. One is that grafting and bribegiving are becoming unpopular, if not positively sinful, through the awakening of Public Opinion—an awakening to which the reprobated Muck Raker has contributed not a little.

But a few years ago we should all have shut our eyes and murmured, "Oh! what's the use"; but since the Folks and Heneyes have shown us how, it has become almost popular to strike for right and justice and for the punishment of wrong-doing. It is not actually so hard as we, the dear people, feared.

Likewise we, the dear people, have had the temerity to Haw! Haw! when E. H. Harriman, no less, pointed his money-mad finger at Roosevelt and proclaimed him a dangerous man. So he is, dangerous to the practices which Harriman and other exponents of the Wall street "system" have made peculiarly their own. But the people, and plain people, have little to fear. Nor do they care a darn about the private enmities and grudges of Great Editors.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, the wit, novelist and Zionist, suggests that the British House of Lords should be replaced by a House of Ladies. In our own country, the United States Senate has sometimes been termed a chamber of old women.

A long and labored editorial in a morning contemporary, upon *Footprints in* (sic) *the Sands*, opens thus:

"It was a case of Homer nodding when Longfellow in his 'Excelsior' sang of footprints in the sands of time."

It is strange that the centennial year of Longfellow should witness such a lapse, for so familiar are the "footprints" to every reader of "A Psalm of Life" that it would seem impossible that even a "down-stairs" editor should locate them at the summit of the Alps.

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Matters of Moment

The lay mind, which sometimes works in different channels from the legal mind, can see but one interpretation of the application of District Attorney Jerome for a commission of lunacy to inquire into the

Confession of Weakness. present mental status of Harry Thaw. It is, that Jerome realizing that he hasn't a shadow of a chance to secure a conviction would diminish the sting of defeat by sending Thaw to an asylum. If Mr. Jerome is to be believed when he says that he knew all along that Thaw is insane, what construction is to be placed on his frantic efforts to convict Thaw, his merciless pillorying of Evelyn Thaw and his policy in calling Abe Hummel, the notorious disbarred lawyer, to the stand?

At the time this was written Justice Fitzgerald had not decided whether a lunacy commission shall supersede the criminal trial. No matter which way he decides, it is safe to say that Thaw is in no peril of his life. If he is examined by a lunacy commission and is declared to be sane, the trial will go to an end, with Jerome's belief staring the jury in the face. Jerome will be in the position of trying to send a man whom he believes to be insane to the electric chair. An acquittal under such conditions seems about the only possible verdict that an American jury can render.

There is a deal of useless circumlocution about this whole trial, so it seems to a disinterested outsider. The plain fact is that Thaw's real defense is the so-called "unwritten

law." The insanity plea and all that relates to it, whether introduced by Jerome or Delmas, is in effect irrelevant and immaterial. Ever since General Daniel E. Sickles was acquitted of killing Phillip Barton Key, the "unwritten law" has been an effective, if legally unrecognized, defense in murder trials such as the Thaw case. The "unwritten law" prevails everywhere—in Los Angeles as much as New York, for only a month or so ago a Long Beach man who shot down the seducer of his step-daughter was acquitted by a jury. Lawyers will tell you that the "unwritten law" can never be made a legal defense, but where it is possible to use it they never fail to employ it on a jury. Nothing equals it in potency except self-defense and a perfect alibi.

The *Examiner* reached the limit of hypocritical smugness last Sunday when it virtuously published a letter dated May 26, 1906, signed by the San Francisco (boodling) board of supervisors and asking the *Hearstian Examiner* to cease its campaign against granting favors to corporations.

The *Examiner's* campaign at that time against the United Railways and the telephone companies was not inspired by any other motive than the desire to entrench itself as political and corporation boss of San Francisco. The San Francisco *Examiner* for twenty years has itched and lusted for political leadership; the supervisors preferred Ruef. There is no evidence whatever that the San Francisco *Examiner*, if it has a chance, would not

have been as big a boodler as Ruef. People have not forgotten Mr. Hearst's frantic effort to sandbag \$22,000 out of the Southern Pacific Company; no, nor the financial exploits of some of his San Francisco satellites.

Let us go deeper.

Who is responsible for Labor Union rule in San Francisco?

The *Examiner*.

Who surrendered to Father Yorke in the early part of the labor union era and let Father Yorke and the laborites say what they pleased?

The *Examiner*.

Who, by silence, condoned and encouraged the lawless beatings administered by labor union thugs to American (if non-union) working men?

The *Examiner*.

Who crawled in the dust before the union leaders, the Furuseths, the Tveitmoes, the McCarthys and their ilk?

The *Examiner*.

Whose paper in Los Angeles kow-tows—as much as it dares without giving great offense to the law-abiding—to the beaten, bedraggled labor union jawsmiths of Los Angeles? W. R. Hearst's.

Do not assume a virtue when you have it not. Every one who knows aught of San Francisco knows that for years the San Francisco *Examiner* has played the harlot for every San Francisco law breaking agitator, who, the *Examiner* knew or thought, controlled few or many votes that might be employed in advancing the *Examiner's* political schemes.

Pah! Likewise, Huh!!

Open Letter to Citizens of Los Angeles

IN ASKING YOU TO SIGN AN "APPLICATION FOR GAS," WE CALL YOUR PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT YOU DO NOT SIGN A CONTRACT, BUT A REQUEST ONLY, FOR SUPPLY OF GAS AS SOON AS THIS COMPANY'S PLANT IS READY TO FURNISH IT, AT THE THEN CURRENT RATE, NOT EXCEEDING 80 CENTS PER 1,000 CUBIC FEET.

YOUR SIGNATURE IS DESIRED AT THIS TIME AS AN EXPRESSION OF YOUR APPRECIATION AND SUPPORT OF AN ENTERPRISE IN WHICH CITIZENS OF LOS ANGELES ONLY ARE REPRESENTED, WHO HAVE SUBSCRIBED ONE MILLION DOLLARS AS A NUCLEUS WITH WHICH TO COMMENCE THE BUILDING OF A MODERN GAS PLANT CAPABLE OF PRODUCING AND SUPPLYING THE BEST POSSIBLE QUALITY OF GAS. AMPLE CAPITAL WILL BE FORTHCOMING TO BUILD A COMPLETE PLANT COVERING THE ENTIRE CITY.

APPRECIATING YOUR FAVORABLE RESPONSE, WE ARE,

RESPECTFULLY,

LOS ANGELES, MARCH 8, 1907.

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MILBANK, ISAAC—Capitalist.
NEWMARK, M. E.—Vice-Pres. M. A. Newmark & Co.
OMELVENY, H. W.—Attorney.
PRICE, W. C.—Capitalist.
POTTER, MILO M.—Pres. Potter Hotel Co.
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ROWAN, R. A.—Real Estate.
ROBINSON, H. M.—Pres. Blinn-Robinson Co.
ROGERS, R. I.—Cashier National Bank of California.
ROSS, A.—Gen. Mgr. City Gas Co. of Los Angeles.
SARTORI, J. F.—Pres. Security Savings Bank.
STIMSON, E. T.—Capitalist.
SALE, L. D.—V. P. Western Wholesale Drug Co.
TOLL, C. E.—Cashier Southern California Savings Bank.
TUFTS & LYON—Tufts-Lyon Arms Co.
TRIPPET, O. A.—Attorney.
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WOOLWINE, W. D.—V. P. National Bank of California.
WILSON, P. B.—Attorney.

California Furniture Co.

BROADWAY NEAR SEVENTH 639 TO 645

This Company has no connection with any other concern in this city.

Living Room Comforts

The proper furnishing of the living room, to give the greatest possible degree of comfort is one of the special features of the "California." Every detail that could contribute to your comfort. The color scheme of the wall decorations, the harmony of the hangings, the appropriateness of the floor coverings, the fitness of the furniture—all these things are worked out by men who have made home furnishing a life study. We invite you to visit our various departments—get the suggestions and help of experienced men.

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A triumph in fireproof construction. Spanish Renaissance in Steel Tile and Marble. Combined with the facilities and conveniences of the Electric Age.

Mission Indian Grill

Unique

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Open from 11 a. m. till after midnight. Business People's noonday lunch. After theater parties. A la Carte.

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MINING AND CIVIL ENGINEERS

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17 DELTA BUILDING

Principal Housh, of the high school, is undertaking a new campaign for the clarification of affairs at the school. Again the *Graphic* extends to him its earnest and heartfelt support. The *Graphic* believed that the "fraternity" nuisance should be abolished. The *Graphic* believes that if Principal Housh can instill into the youthful minds under his care that the high school is a place for work, preparatory to entering upon life's work, he will be entitled to rank as a public benefactor. Mr. Housh's summary of the situation at the high school is worth re-printing. He holds that there is:

Too much "society."
Snippy ideas about "the proper thing," socially.

Half baked desire to be "good-fellows."
Too much dress.
Social ostracism to those who bring their lunches. It is proper to buy lunches out.

Now that is a pretty indictment against a lot of children ranging from 14 to 19 years of age.

The Lord save us!

Harry Chandler's latest scheme to add to the swollen profits of the *Times* is to raise the price of the Sunday paper to ten cents. Some gudgeon in the *Examiner* office, presumably Heinie Loewenthal, has bitten at the alluring bait of Mr. Chandler and so the *Examiner* is to be ten cents. **Chandler Raises Price.** The *Times* made between \$496,000 and \$497,000 in its last business year. Like every other trust fattened hog—the *Times* belongs to the Associated Press which is an iron clad news trust—the *Times* clamors for more.

Lest there be any misunderstanding about this five cent a week which Mr. Chandler is executing on peoples' pockets, it is well to know the policy of the *Times* in its relations with advertisers and subscribers.

The *Times* believes that in keeping down

advertising rates it discourages competition. True it is that the *Times* publishes more inches of advertising than any American newspaper; it is equally true that this advertising is accepted at rates that would appal an eastern publisher.

The *Times* believes in keeping up the subscription price. The only five cent paper in the United States is the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. All of the big New York, Chicago, and other eastern dailies are one or two cents each.

The *Times* has an enormous white paper bill, because it takes an enormously large amount of advertising at ridiculously low figures. The public is asked to contribute double the price of the paper so that the *Times* may continue to publish this vast mass of advertising at low rates; in other words, the *Times* wants the public to pay its paper bills.

The *Sunday Times* is not worth as much from a news sense as the *Times* of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Page after page is devoted to advertising, with a fringe of nothing in particular. The *Sunday Times* is, as the *Times* says, the largest Sunday publication in America, but it is made "large" by cheap advertising.

You and I and the other fellow, who read the *Times* will pay the bills due to Harry Chandler's cheap advertising policy.

And the *Examiner*? It is amazing that it fell into the Chandlerian trap. Any ass should have been able to see the pitfall so well dug by Mr. Chandler. Even so consummate as ass as Heinie Loewenthal should not have been blinded.

If the *Times* patronage continues as before I expect to be able to repeat that the *Times* profits at the close of the present year will overtop the princely sum of half a million dollars.

Nothing herein written is to be construed as reflecting on Mr. Harry Chandler's business ability. He is certainly a marvel in persuading people to contribute anything from one cent upward.

Real Estate Moving

The first striking evidence of the predicted stir in the local real estate market was furnished in the latter part of last week when several of the most important transactions this year were recorded.

These were quite in keeping with what I asserted in last week's review—that the lull in the realty market was only temporary and that the trading in large parcels of land downtown and inside residence property, which made many months of last year memorable, will be even more actively resumed within a few weeks.

Foremost among the latest big sales was that of the northeast corner of Seventh and Olive streets, where the old Hotel Baltimore is located. This property and a vacant piece in the rear of the building passed into the possession of the Los Angeles Athletic Club for \$450,000.

The exact conditions of the sale have not been made known but the fact that many of the most prominent bankers and men in other important lines of business here have contributed toward the fund necessary to complete the purchase places it securely at the head of the list of deals made since January 1.

I note in the list of stockholders already selected the names of Frank A. Garbutt, who signed for \$50,000; Robert A. Rowan; Robert Marsh; Isaacs Bros., who sold the property; J. A. Graves, Hellman; Sartori; J. S. Torrance; R. W. Kenny; C. A. Canfield; A. Kingsley Macomber; President W. H. Holliday, of the

Merchant's National Bank; Fishburn; Woolwine and Rogers; H. Jevne; Edward S. Rowley and Daniel Murphy.

It is stated by the agents who conducted the negotiations that the athletic organization will erect the finest clubhouse in the country, after the demolition of the Hotel Baltimore when the lease expires next October.

The transfer of half the block between Fifth and Sixth and Figueroa and Fremont streets was another of the big sales made within eight or nine days. The purchase price was \$210,000.

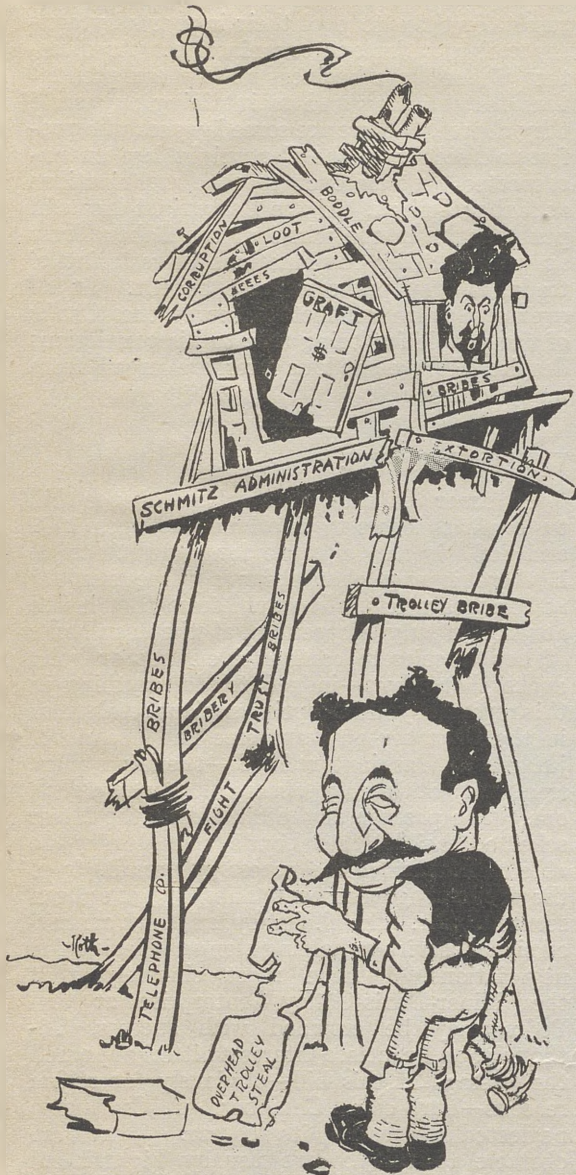
A few days before a Los Angeles syndicate bought for \$142,500 the property numbered 724-730 South Hill street, near the site of the new Hamburger department store.

Dwight Whiting has just sold to another syndicate for \$115,000 a piece of real estate at 513-515 South Spring street.

These large sales, made in a little more than one week, show clearly that the investor in business property has not been idle. It may be pointed out also, that the very recent transactions in realty farther from the center of the city evidence a renewal of activity in that market. Fifty thousand dollars was paid a few days ago for the southwest corner of Sixteenth and Hope streets. The southeast corner of the same thoroughfares was sold for \$40,000. For the southeast corner of West Seventh and Bonnie Brae streets, \$40,000 has been paid, and \$30,000 was the price of a lot on the west side of Los Angeles street between Sixth and Seventh.

By the Way

A TOTTERING STRUCTURE.



—San Francisco Bulletin

WHAT AILS SAN FRANCISCO

A. B. Cass, et al.

Because A. B. Cass, J. M. C. Marble, William Mead, W. C. Patterson and others have been summoned, among other Los Angeles citizens, to appear before the grand jury of San Francisco, and shed any light in their possession on the Home Telephone franchise of San Francisco, it is not to be assumed that any or all of these gentlemen are guilty of crime or suspected of any crime. Yet the cowardly, inaccurate *Examiner* practically accuses these men of criminal wrong-doing; to be specific, the *Examiner* published the pictures of five men on Tuesday morning, behind a net. If the *Examiner* was not a cowardly craven it would have published what it thought and had bars drawn by the artist instead of a net. That is exactly what the *Examiner* implied but cowardice stayed the artist's hand.

The *Graphic* is free to say that these men have borne the highest reputation in commercial and financial circles, and proof of criminal wrong-doing would have to be beyond cavil before the public would be convinced. A. B. Cass has a reputation in this community infinitely higher than that of any man Mr. Hearst has ever employed. J. M. C. Marble I do not know so well but he, too, stands high.

I have frequently disagreed from William Mead in matters of public policy but never one

suspicion has been raised against his honesty or probity.

And W. C. Patterson! Of all men in Los Angeles to be subjected to that infamous slur!

J. A. "Buzz" Graves is another man included in the *Examiner's* category of men in the net. The *Examiner*, with its usual "accuracy," confounded J. A. Graves with A. J. Graves. J. A. Graves had no connection with the Home deal. The *Examiner* has apologized but what of that?

Up to the time this was written not a scintilla of positive evidence had been brought against any of these men. It is not to be assumed from this that there is the slightest desire or inclination to defend or shield any man guilty of boodling or bribe-giving. But I object to insinuations that all or any of these men are guilty. If all or any are guilty, Heney, Langdon and Burns will show it in due time. If innocent, the *Examiner's* illustration of Tuesday morning is an outrage that no apology no retraction, no regrets, no honeyed phrases can repair.

After Still Bigger Game.

Your Glasses and Cassettes may seem big game for the Spreckels-Heney net, but they are not a marker to the big fellows that the firm-jawed Rudolph and the keen eyed Frank Heney are after. They want Patrick Calhoun, the Machiavelli of the United Railroads, and there is a strong impression, outside the *Examiner's* innuendos, that they are hot on the trail of William F. Herrin, the dictator of California politics, the uncrowned Emperor of the state. I saw Mr. Herrin this week. He was at lunch, absolutely alone. He looked worn and worried. And such is an instructive facial confession for a man with his splendid head, his imperturbable demeanor, his calm, cultivated confidence of intellectual strength and practical efficiency. There are few men in this state who really know the tremendous power that Mr. Herrin has wielded in and upon California during the last ten years. No politician with aspirations has been able to afford to ignore his authority; few of them—always a desperate minority—have refused to obey his lieutenants' commands and to fawn at the feet of the dictator. He has elected and controlled successive legislatures and selected United States Senators. The cowardice and corruptibility of the measly politicians, the callous negligence of the people, have made Herrin's autocracy possible. It is probably true that Mr. Herrin's maneuvers at Sacramento and elsewhere have been, usually, for the benefit of the state, because, naturally, in nine cases out of ten the interests of the Southern Pacific Railway and those of the state of California have been parallel. Not always, however, for when the public good has conflicted with the corporation's desire, invariably it has been,—and will be until the people stay awake long enough to think—the latter which has obtained. It is impossible to conceive that the "legal department" of the Southern Pacific, which, in the past, has depended frequently upon San Francisco's Fagin, Abe Ruef, has been ignorant of his shameful machinations and wholesale boodling all these years. How much has Herrin depended upon Ruef? How much will Ruef tell? They are waiting in San Francisco for Fagin Ruef to "cough up" what he knows. He too may enjoy an "immunity bath"—though not as complete as Spreckels and Heney have given, for the time being, to



\$5.00

Women's Street Pumps, in Patent Calf or Gnu Calf. Welt sole, Military heel.

Wetherby-Kayser

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215-217 South Broadway

Crawford Scotch

It appeals to connoisseurs. Its rare delicacy of flavor has won a place for it in the best clubs in the country. It is the highest type of Scotch whisky. Sold only in the original package. We deliver anywhere. Both phones 1532

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FOUR NEW NOVELTIES

Burbank's Creations

For the first time we are offering four of his latest and best creations.

SANTA ROSA PLUMS, RUTLAND PLUMCOT, PARADOX AND ROYAL WALNUTS

We are sole propagators and disseminators of all Burbank's creations.

Write for our illustrated pamphlet telling all about these four new specials.

We have the largest stock of trees of all sorts to be found on the coast. Every tree true to name.

(Paid up capital \$200,000.00)

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\$3.00 to \$5.00 for \$1.50

First quality crystal reading lenses in a ten-year gold-filled frame for \$1.50. Regular price \$3.00 to \$5.00

CLARK'S OPTICAL PARLORS

351 S. Spring St. Opposite New Hellman Building.
Consultation free

his Supervisorial slaves—provided he will tell all he knows. It is simply a question of terms, and Burns and Ruef are negotiating them. The issue? A compromise with Lucifer in order that other princes of darkness—those who made Lucifer Ruef's reign possible and prevalent—may be brought to book. Rudolph Spreckels wants to punish Patrick Calhoun. He cares more for his scalp than for the belts of a score of petty larcenist supervisors, or the supine Schmitz, or Glass, or Cass. The latter are mere minnows in comparison with the whale, Calhoun—who swallows franchises and who once absorbed Spreckels like an ordinary Jonah. And the leviathan of them all—William F. Herrin! I miss my guess if the Spreckels-Heney bull-dog grip will be relaxed before the fangs of investigation and the teeth of indictment are at the Southern Pacific's throat. But I also miss my guess if Heney or anyone short of the Almighty ever catches Herrin. He doesn't bribe; he only promises and provides preferment or other "soft snaps." Whatever alliance Herrin may have been guilty of with Ruef was due to the fact that Ruef wanted Herrin more than Herrin wanted Ruef. Of course, Herrin used Ruef occasionally, and Ruef, ambitious and confident as he was of a United States Senatorship eventually, was glad enough to be used by the dictator of the political destinies of California. Mr. Herrin, however, was wise enough to see the handwriting on the wall months ago, and then concentrated his energies on shaking himself and his "machine" free from the taint of the abominable Abe. This was the special effort of Walter Parker, Jere Burke, *et al.*, to be independent of the Rueffian cohorts at the Republican State Convention at Santa Cruz. Gillett had been *ok'd* by the magic initials, E. H. H. several months before his nomination, but the S. P. wanted to manage it without Abe Ruef's assistance. It was for this reason that the judiciary of California was shamefully dragged in the mud at Santa Cruz, such men as Judge Wheaton A. Gray, the presiding justice of the Court of Appeals of this district, being sacrificed in order to make votes in the convention for Gillett—to insure the present governor's nomination without Abe Ruef's poisonous assistance.

Pitch and Defilement.

Henry T. Gage is in San Francisco. Ruef is losing confidence in the abilities of Henry Ach and the flamboyance of Sam Shortridge. He is looking for fresh blood. He is willing to pay a large slice of his ill-gotten gains, if he can evade his punishment due. If only he can measure his term in San Quentin—he knows now he will have to go there—he would be willing to pay a quarter of a million dollars to adroit lawyers who would help him to shorten his term of convict's stripes. And he loves money, the god of this age and generation—better than anything else. Will Gage be found in front of Ruef? The events of the next few days will prove. Ruef wants Gage, he wants Earl Rogers, he wants Garret McEnery, he wants Delmas. No one can take a fee from Abe Ruef without a twinge of conscience. Whose money is it? Perhaps one thousand dollars stolen from some poor devil trying to rebuild his house of business or his home in San Francisco, who had to "see" Ruef or one of his boodling lieutenants before he could get a permit to rebuild. You can hear such stories and substantiate them at almost every destroyed corner in old San Francisco today. Ruef wants the brilliant Peter Dunne on his legal staff. But it is more than doubtful if he can get him. Mr. Dunne is special counsel for the Southern Pacific, and Mr. Herrin cannot afford to let his forces be identi-

fied with San Francisco's Fagin at any cost, at this juncture. Will Gage serve? You cannot touch pitch—even for a friend—without being defiled. Nobody should know this, by bitter experience, better than ex-Governor Gage. *Vide Dan Kevane*. And yet it will be extraordinarily magnanimous if Gage comes to the rescue of Ruef. If it had not been for Ruef, Gage could have got the nomination for governor in place of Gillett. Gage would not make terms with Ruef. The San Francisco boss was willing enough to pledge his forces to Gage, if Gage would promise him, on election, the San Francisco harbor patronage. Ruef made a pilgrimage to Los Angeles last summer after the conclave of the Native Sons—to make just such a deal with Gage. The ex-governor, sturdy citizen that he is, and upright statesman—despite the sneers of the Editorial Triumvirate, de Young (*San Francisco Chronicle*), the then Sam Leakized J. D. Spreckels (*San Francisco Call*) and Gen. H. G. Otis (*Los Angeles Times*)—scorned the Greek bringing gifts and refused any deal with Ruef. Therefore his ambition, or rather the ambitions of his friends, was disappointed. If Gage comes to Ruef's aid now, it will be magnanimous, or even should the ex-governor only be watching the course of events, in Herrin's interest, it will be illuminating. The last incident of this chapter of political history, which I have recounted, was the famous photograph taken in Major McLaughlin's Santa Cruz home, the night before the convention, when Mr. Gillett's right hand reposed so confidently on Brother Abe's shoulder. Nobody regretted during the campaign—and regrets since—that photograph, more keenly than Governor Gillett. The Governor has a holy horror of Ruef today, and San Francisco's Fagin can expect no more quarter from him than he is getting from Frank Heney. It won't hurt your eyes to look at it.

A Penetrating Law.

Mention of Gillett's name compels my very sincere congratulation of his signature last Saturday night of the Cartwright anti-trust law which will become operative before June 1. The drastic nature of this law, modeled after the punitive Ohio law, has already been explained fairly fully and with unwonted accuracy by the daily press. Much surprise has been expressed at the Governor's endorsement of the law, which is a savage blow at trade combinations. But, without discrediting the Governor's excellent purpose in its signature, it may be pointed out that the Southern Pacific Railway will not suffer appreciably therefrom. The Cartwright law may possibly disrupt the iniquitous agreement between the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fé, by which the same rate for all freight is charged by the Santa Fé from San Diego to Los Angeles, 125 miles, as is charged by the Southern Pacific from San Pedro to Los Angeles—24 miles. But it is against such organizations as the "Lumber Trust"—which, pace E. Tobias Earl, has considerable defense in agreeing on a scale of prices—and the maneuvers of the Standard Oil, concealed in many subsidiary companies and in obvious restraint of trade, to the destruction of the small shipper, that this mainly righteous law is directed. You and I can no longer lunch at Levy's or connubiate in the cellar and agree on the price of anything we have for sale. Doubtless, the corporation lawyers will devise some means of driving a coach and four through the Cartwright bill. That it what the modern learned brother of a once honored profession is paid for—to "break" the laws of the land which he has

sworn to uphold. But in the meantime it is going to make them use their minds and earn their fees. The tendency of such a law, however, is not certain. If the lumber dealers, for instance, are not allowed by law to agree on a price list, it will not be an unnatural result for them to pool their interests by concentrating under one organization. As directors of one large business no law can prevent them establishing and maintaining any scale they choose. There are some lawyers who profess to discover in the Cartwright law an unsuspected obstacle even to such organizations as Labor Unions. If the Cartwright law will put a spoke in the wheel of the Labor Trust as well as other combinations in restraint of trade, it may prove a great benefit. At all events, Governor Gillett deserves the thanks of the people for being true to his convictions despite the tremendous pressure urged from many quarters.

The San Pedro Bill.

Governor Gillett's ratification of the bill to confirm leases to tide lands between 1901 and 1907 is also a cause for congratulation, if there is any chance for a "free harbor" at San Pedro left. It would seem that in the absence of any disposition of the merchants of Los Angeles to control tide lands or build docks themselves—indeed, to do anything in this regard beyond adopting sapient resolutions in the Chamber of Commerce and occasional junkets to Washington, D. C.—the Miner plan, frequently outlined in these columns, is a good one. The passage of the bill makes the Miner scheme feasible, and bonds should now be able to flow, since the necessary permits from the Federal government already have been secured. Mr. John T. Gaffey, as usual, rendered signal service in helping along the legislative negotiations. I hope most sincerely that the Miner-Denis-Gaffey enterprise at San Pedro may be crowned with success. Although San Francisco interests bitterly opposed the passage of this bill—obviously for selfish reasons—our own Chamber of Commerce neglected to assist its course. What the obstacle to this body's usually highminded and highhanded assistance was I do not know, but they failed to come through. Gen. Otis and the *Times* tried to knock the skylights out of the bill a week ago—to "influence" Gillett—but failed. The main apparent "reason" for the *Times*'s objection was its ignorance of the true intent of the bill and its knowledge that the notorious and rather malodorous Savage, of San Pedro, fathered it in the Senate. Some one had to stand sponsor for it—I think it was drawn by one of Gen. Otis's former editors—and it is nobody's fault but our own if we select such persons to represent us as Savage, of San Pedro. His objectionable personality does not affect the righteousness of the bill.

No Contempt of Judge Dunne's Court.

"Find Mr. Cerf a seat, and if he will not take it, put him out," commanded Judge Dunne in court last Tuesday during the hearing of Abe Ruef proceedings. The hand of time and justice hangs somewhat heavily over the most devoted serfs and satellites of the imprisoned boss, and Judge Dunne, whose two brothers are saloon-keepers in San Francisco,—never complacent to the Ruef régime—will book no humbug from the Hon. Samuel M. Shortridge or any other legal monte-bank. Ruef is about at the end of his tether, but they are betting in San Francisco that he will not wear convict's stripes for more than five years. Heney has him indicted on counts, which, if

sustained would keep him in jail till the twenty-first century, but the bets are made on the supposition that Ruef will eventually yield to Secret Service Agent Burns's importunities and tell all at the price of, if not an "immunity bath" a reduction of sentence douche.

Train Service and the Tourist.

It is the easiest thing in the world to kick at the pricks which a railway company puts in the side of the traveler during seasons of storm, but it is wiser and more decent to attempt to kick in the right direction and justly. If I have heard one tourist during the last two months curse the Southern Pacific Railway with eloquent vehemence I have heard twenty. Their lamentations usually ran in this vein: "Well, you certainly have a beautiful country and superb climate, when you're not giving us samples, but you have the worst train service, the least accommodation for the traveling public, in the United States. I am told that the Southern Pacific controls the State of California. It seems so. The officials either don't know when a train's going to start or arrive, or they don't care. Of course, politeness is a matter of individual temperament; frequently also, official courtesy depends upon the amount of stress the official has been undergoing. But in many weeks' travel through your land I have rarely been able to get any definite information. I have arranged to meet my family, say, in Los Angeles at 11 a.m. The train has been reported "on time." I am a busy man in the morning—when in Los Angeles—because I have to watch the market. I leave Mr. Hutton's office to meet my wife at the Arcade Depot. I am then informed that the train is indefinitely late—three or four hours. Twice during the day—after various battles with the telephone companies (of that, anon)—the train is reported. Twice I forsake the comforts of the club—once in the midst of an interesting rubber of bridge—to meet my wife at River station and escort her the last mile of the journey. Twice I am disappointed. Finally, the train due in Los Angeles at 11 a.m.,

pulls into the Arcade Depot at 7:20 p.m. Now all these delays may be charged to the hand of God. I observe that the railways turn to the Almighty with wonderful reliance in the time of trouble. But surely, there should be a railway information bureau from which it is possible to secure some definite and accurate information. Such a bureau, conducted by a calm and courteous official, would be an excellent investment for the Southern Pacific—at least during the tourist season. As it is, every other tourist has a 'grouch' against the Southern Pacific and vows he will never come back to Southern California. The anxiety of traveling along your coast, the danger and delay of wash-outs, landslides and squashed tunnels, the poverty of reliable information, almost annihilate the pleasure of your country and your climate. Me for Florida, Cuba, or the Riviera in the future! Railways are for the accommodation, not the annoyance, of the traveler."

Sample Travel Trouble.

I can speak with some feeling concerning the discomfort and vexation of recent traveling. Last Friday a business engagement summoned me to San Francisco. It is true that railroad officials warned me of the difficulties on the road, but they were confident that the Southern Pacific would get a train through somehow. We left Santa Barbara at 1:30 p.m., an hour and a half late, and arrived in San Luis Obispo at 5:30 p.m. There was a gap between San Luis Obispo and Santa Margarita—about 17 miles by rail and about 13 by road—owing to the collapse of one of the Santa Lucia mountain tunnels. We disembarked at San Luis Obispo, and for the sum of \$1 per passenger, 25 cents per light baggage and 50 cents per trunk, we were conveyed in wagons by four horse teams over the Santa Lucia pass to Santa Margarita, where a northbound train awaited us. The air was keen, the sunset enchanting, the moonshine superb, the scenery inspiring, live-oaks and sycamores sentinel the trail. The drive was delightful, and we were all in good humor and hungry when we reached the hamlet of Santa Margarita about 9 p.m. The train (No. 17) was due to leave Santa Margarita at 1:15 a.m. to arrive in San Francisco at 9:15 a.m. In San Luis Obispo we had been informed at the depot that there was a dining car on No. 17, and this joyful intelligence had soothed our aching voids across the pass. And, sure enough, there were the lights of the dining car ahead of us as we rattled down the last half mile of the drive into welcome Santa Margarita. But, alas and alack, the conductor of that car, the *Aztec*, was an obdurate, heartless brute in the guise of a man and the uniform of the Southern Pacific Railway. "It was 9 p.m. His crew had to serve breakfast the next morning. No dining car was supposed to accommodate anybody at nine o'clock in the evening. Oh! yes, he had plenty of provisions, he had only served one meal in two days." I pointed that the conditions were extraordinary and demanded extraordinary service. If a dining car was for the accommodation of the public, now was the fulness of time to be accommodating. Here were twenty men and women who had driven 13 miles, were tired, cold and hungry. We begged for a crust of bread and a little cold meat. The Emperor of the *Aztec* only looked more cross and suggested that we go to bed and forget it. I shall never forget the sour-visaged conductor of the *Aztec* and the silent maledictions I heaped upon his unregenerate head—are they not recorded in the Book of Blasphemy?



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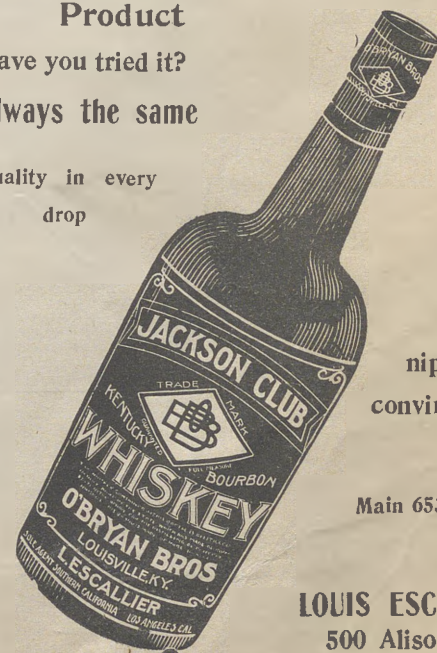
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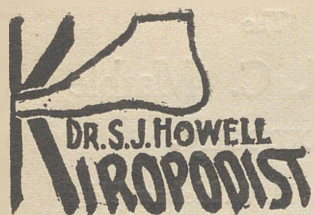
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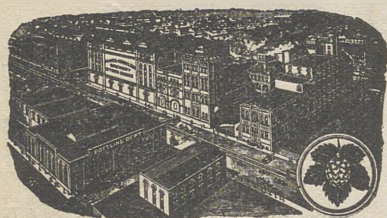
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Plucking Lemons in Mt. Eden.

It is too painful to expatiate on the subsequent proceedings. We ran pleasantly and expeditiously enough through the night to San José, reaching there only half an hour late, at 7:45. Then our troubles commenced some more. We were finally detoured from San José around by Newark to Oakland. Nobody wanted to go to Oakland, but we started. The country was very wet and the heavens were still threatening. We got as far as Mt. Eden and there we stayed for three long hours—till 3 p.m. when we had been promised arrival in San Francisco not later than noon. Only ten ties had been washed out and could have been fixed by a section gang in an hour. But the Japanese foreman had to get instructions from some white foreman who had to get his. Nothing was done for over three hours, when a wire came from Oakland to send us back to Santa Clara. This is personal experience and if not interesting to my readers, my exasperation must be my apology. Therefore I am letting off steam, still seated in a Pullman car, somewhere in the Santa Clara valley—having plucked nothing but "lemons" all day long, and having missed an important appointment in San Francisco. Heaven knows when, if ever, I shall see the Land of Sunshine again!

The S. P. and the Sunset Phone.

I am interested to know how great a domination the Southern Pacific exercises over the Sunset Telephone Company. Or is it only the sympathetic relationship that exists between public utility corporations? The Sunset Telephone presumably exists for the accommodation of the public. What right then has it to refuse to connect a subscriber with the offices of the Southern Pacific Railway? Does it prefer the instructions or request of the railroad to its duty of serving the public? I ask Central to give me Exchange 270. She replies that the uptown offices are closed after 5 p.m. I then ask for Exchange 40. I am told that the Sunset has been instructed to make no connections with Exchange 40—the offices at the Arcade Depot. Hence the public is liable to get no information concerning

trains when the Southern Pacific so disposes. Under its franchise, has the Sunset Telephone Company any right to obey the behest of an individual subscriber (omnipotent though that subscriber be) at the expense of the general public? I venture to think that this query is pertinent and should be answered? Please stand up, Messrs. Ingram and Seeley, and reply!

???

Whenever the police department begins spasmodic warfare on the social evil, to quiet the clamors of such people as the Rev. Wiley Phillips, why does the raiding begin in the heart of the district given over to immoral purposes? Why do not the police raid the outlying districts? Is it the aim of the police department to scatter this evil instead of segregating it? When the raid of Tuesday night was planned why were known places north of First street unmolested? Why is it considered a virtuous and wise policy to scatter this evil all over the city as was done at Phillips's behest some two or three years ago? Is common sense in handling this problem to be disregarded at the demand of every impracticable who raises his voice? And who is Phillips anyhow that he should scatter the social evil into the residence districts with his theories? And before the police accept Mr. Phillips any further as a guide, philosopher and friend, would it not be wise to hold a secret session of the police board and conduct an investigation into Mr. Phillips?

Sued Again.

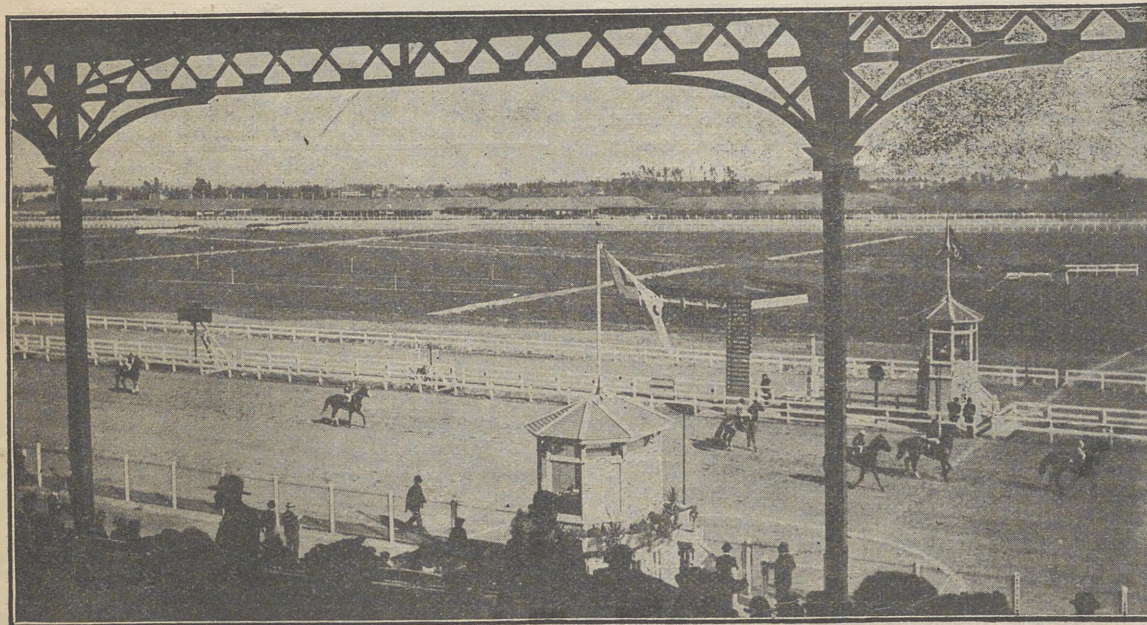
I see by the headlines in the dailies that the city has sued the Lowe gas outfit once more. This is getting to be such a regular number of the municipal program that I hadn't enough curiosity to read the article closely and ascertain the particular cause of action—failure to file statements as required by law, I think it is. At any rate the public service corporations are required by ordinance to file annually a statement of their business, but of course the Lowe outfit has always been above the law; neither does the Lowe crowd find it necessary to inventory their property as directed by the ordinance. Perhaps if it was specifically stated under oath what property each company owned, various creditors would have a chance to collect their money.

The matter was brought forcibly to the attention of the Council this week by an Eighth Ward resident, who lives near the St. John's street gas plant. This protestant said:

"The People's Gas and Coke Company, Los Angeles Suburban Gas Company, People's Gas Company, and Independent Gas Company all creatures of Prof. Lowe, have not complied with the law. I respectfully inquire of your honorable body why it is that this man Lowe with his numerous artificial persons, namely gas corporations, is permitted openly and defiantly thus to evade a law of the City of Los Angeles?

"The aforesaid ordinance provides that any violation thereof is a misdemeanor, punishable upon conviction by a fine not exceeding Five Hundred (\$500) Dollars, or by imprisonment in the City Jail for a period of One Hundred (100) Days, or by both; such fine and imprisonment.

"Again permit me to inquire why it is that these artificial creatures, Independent Gas Company, Los Angeles Suburban Gas Company, and People's Gas Company are not paying into the treasury of the City of Los Angeles a monthly license to carry on business as required by ordinance. It cannot be because of lack of funds for I am informed by the newspapers that there are millions back of Lowe.



ASGOTT PARK

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A high-class sport for high-class people. Admission \$1. First race at 1:40

"Why is it that the junk dealer who fails to pay his license is immediately arrested and fined, while the aforesaid corporations are never molested?"

"And furthermore, why is it that the aforesaid corporations, or some of them, are permitted daily to violate an ordinance of the City of Los Angeles by operating the St. John's street gas works? This establishment is outside the gas works limits and its operation is prohibited by law.

"As a citizen of Los Angeles, I feel that I am entitled to an explanation."

Tom Karl at the Cathedral.

Arrangements have been made by which Mr. Tom Karl will sing at high mass every Sunday morning at the Cathedral. The Cathedral choir under Prof. Frank Carr's direction, has been remarkably improved and Tom Karl will prove a tower of strength to the choir. Mr. Karl, although in his fifties, possesses the same clear, true voice that was the pride of the Bostonians in the prime of that famous opera company.

Sensitiveness.

Actors are a pretty difficult set of men to understand but for downright supersensitiveness commend me to professional musicians. There is no "understandin' 'o them." For instance the other week I said that Mr. W. F. Gates had written the only reviews of the grand opera season worth a musician's reading. Now this of course hasn't hurt Mr. Gates's feelings and this paragraph does not apply to him. But it did injure somebody else's feelings. Why? Because musicians think that when they go outside of their professional field they should still be judged as musicians. I do not. The moment *any* man whether lawyer, doctor, musician or preacher begins to write for money, that instant he becomes a newspaper writer and his regular profession, for the moment, is to be disregarded and he is to be judged by the standards of the profession he invades. Some months ago I had another experience similar to this latest one. There appeared in the columns of the Tidings, the local Catholic publication, an article which seemed to me at least ill-advised and not timely. I said so. A month later a Catholic priest, personally as a fine man as

ever lived, spoke to me about the criticism; said he had written that article and felt "pretty much cut up" over what I had said. I told him exactly what I thought and still think in the premises. He did not agree I think, but he did agree to the proposition that when he wrote for the publication he should be judged, not as a priest, but as an editorial writer. Now will professional musicians who want to be musical critics, please take notice.

Dr. Moore's Mission.

Dr. Albert W. Moore, of the Board of Health, has a mission. It is to improve the milk supply of Los Angeles; to make it at least tolerable. To this end he proposes to devote all his best energies. The *Graphic* wishes him all success in his campaign. I hope that he will not only be able to make vast improvements in the supply of milk but that he can devise means to make this improvement permanent. It is a big contract that Dr. Moore has undertaken but one that will make its results apparent in a lessened infant mortality; and if any physician can be in better business than saving lives, I am not aware of it.

Days of Publicity.

These are surely the blooming, halcyon days of publicity. Get next! For when the Episcopal church and the Y. M. C. A. fall into line it is time for everybody to jump into the bandwagon and loom largely in the public eye. Several weeks ago I alluded to the ludicrous but unintended effect of the juxtaposition of the street signs for St. Paul's church and the Dog Show. It has remained for the Y. M. C. A. to go its churchly ally one better. Last Tuesday was the great rallying day for the Y. M. C. A. One thousand new members were to be enrolled within the twenty-four hours. A regiment of valorous young men were enlisted in the good work. They had various auxiliaries. One was a ubiquitous street car filled with the windy elements of a brass band. People rubbered in amazement. Was it the racing at Ascot Park or a baseball game. Perhaps it was the international fistic argument scheduled for the Naud Pavilion that evening. But no. It was the Y. M. C. A. "One thousand new members today! Join!" Or inspiring words to that effect. Meantime the brass band tooted raucously and joyfully. The air seemed familiar. Memory struck a chord. It was the old familiar air, the words which the dashing widow of *The Parlor Match* used with such mischievous effect: *Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking What a nice world this would be, If the women were transported Far beyond the northern sea.*

There were other verses, as sung by Laura, not be sung before a Y. M. C. A. audience. Perhaps the management did not select the tunes to be played. Anyway, I hope many were induced to join that excellent organization of the brassy witchery.

The Bell Boys' Snap.

The bell hops at the fashionable hotels are the best paid employees. I asked one bright young fellow at the Alexandria hotel recently why he did not try to get a desk position. "What! me clerk?" he said with scorn. "Huh! Why I make twice the money in a month I would as clerk. It costs me as much to live as those clerks get. Say, when those Goldfield and Rhyolite men come down here, and there are some of them here almost every day, every phone call they get is worth a half a dollar to us. They never ring or receive a message without tipping at least a half and

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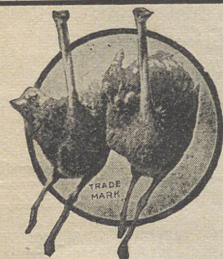
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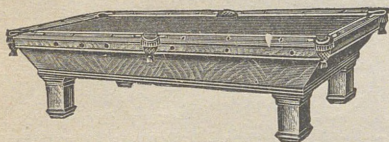
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often a dollar. The eastern guys are not much good. A dime is a good tip from them, but the western men and the mining sharps in particular—why say, when they're about, I wouldn't trade jobs with any hotel clerk in the city."

Place aux Dames.

Even without suffrage, the modern woman may enjoy all the excitements of practical but respectable politics. The Friday Morning Club is buzzing with the annual sensation of selecting and nominating candidates for the coveted presidency. In a way, I suppose, this is the highest honor to which any woman can aspire in this community, for it means that not only must a candidate be cultured and able, but that she also enjoys a large measure of popularity. In the program for next month, issued by the club, there is a *special note* calling urgent attention to the fact that nomination slips, which are enclosed with the program, must be filled out and returned before May 3. Happily these contests, while spirited, are not marked by those unpleasantnesses which so often creep into masculine politics. even though feline amenities are sometimes interchanged. I am told on good authority that the presidency for next year lies between Mrs. H. R. Boynton, who twice has been within hearing distance of the honor, and Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, who has already rendered the club most distinguished service, and who appears to be the most brilliant woman—if such comparisons are not odorous—who ever adorned the presidential chair. In the meantime the Boyntonians and the Tolhurstites are doubtless enjoying the healthy fun and excitement of an animated contest, without animosities.

To Mr. Ripley.

It is a somewhat intrepid task to cross the swords of controversy with Mr. E. P. Ripley, president of the Santa Fé Railroad. I admire Mr. Ripley's sterling qualities of individualism immensely, and much prefer to meet him on the golf links at Santa Barbara to using him or abusing him on paper. But Mr. Ripley's interview, published by the enterprising *Evening News* last week, demands the attention of an iron club, for I think I can show him he is on dangerous ground—a "bad lie" if not in a bunker. On the subject of government ownership Mr. Ripley is quoted as saying:

"In a business way the government has never done anything well or economically. The postoffice revenues annually run behind several millions of dollars, and nothing would please me more than to be allowed to organize a syndicate to operate the department." In fine, Mr. Ripley contends that government ownership would mean the downfall of the republic. But softly, Mr. Ripley. What if such tendencies as Mr. Harriman, king of gamblers, has developed during the last five years, were encouraged by a subservient government and the dispensation of the country's railroads were concentrated in the brain of Mr. Harriman? Would not that condition mean the downfall of the republic with far greater speed and sureness than even a mismanaged and uneconomical system of government ownership? And if you will be fair with yourself, Mr. Ripley, and fair with the public—and I am sure the strong prejudice of the confirmed individualist only prevents you—you will readily confess why "the post-office revenues annually run behind several millions of dollars." The main reason, as you know perfectly well, is the colossal graft practiced by the railroads of this country upon the United States Government, for the transportation of mail and congressional

"documents"—which for years have been shipped by the ton at exorbitant rates. Please, Mr. Ripley, don't sole your club in a bunker again. It is against the rules of the game and an offence to fair play. You are too good a sportsman to try to fool the public with such a trick.

On the Links.

A lively competition should be insured in the event arranged by the Southern California Golf Association commencing tomorrow, (Saturday) at the Los Angeles Country Club, and it is to be hoped that the enterprise of the directors will be rewarded by a large entry. The competition will consist of thirty-six holes, "choice score," a method of contest that has proved very popular here, since it does not involve the severe strain of ordinary medal play. Eighteen holes will be played March 30, and the second eighteen, next Saturday, April 6. Contestants will thus have a whole week to ponder over their previous lapses, their holes of desolation, error and despair, and practice their correction. Mr. Joe Cook, the president, and Mr. Frank Griffith, the secretary of the association, are "pressing" to make the dry bones of competition golf live in Southern California. The trouble with many players is that they do not care to enter a competition for the sake of the game; they are anxious to *win*. The Pacific Coast Championship is scheduled for next month at the Los Angeles Country Club, but Mr. A. A. Shepard, of the Pacific Improvement Company and Mr. Robert F. Leighton, who represents Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, keen alike in sport and the persecution of Rueffinism, are due here today, to see if they cannot induce the golfers to transfer the P. C. G. A.

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meeting to Del Monte, thus combining it with a polo meeting which is contemplated. If the directors of the P. C. G. A. expect any northern players they had better accept the Del Monte invitation. The beautiful hotel near Monterey is a sort of half way house for north and south, and the eighteen hole course provides far better golf than the rather disrupted links of the Los Angeles Country Club.

Joseph D. Lynch.

The death of Col. Joseph D. Lynch, for many years editor of the *Los Angeles Herald*, and a really distinguished writer, will cast a gloom into the heart of every old-timer who remembers and honors him as the first influential epistolary missionary of the glories and resources of the Land of Sunshine. It is only a few months ago since I had the pleasure of paying a just tribute to this forceful writer and honest gentleman, and it is some satisfaction to realize that "Joe" Lynch knew in what esteem he was held by a brother of the pen before he passed to the great beyond. It is a curious and ironical commentary upon the whirligig of success that Col. Lynch's last days were spent, not in penury, because good friends took care of him, but in exceedingly straitened circumstances. There are hundreds of men in this community who owe at least the foundation of their fortunes to the fact that they were

attracted to this land by the gospel which Col. Lynch preached in and out of season, in the days of depression and nights of exaltation, concerning the incomparable attractions and limitless possibilities of Southern California. God rest his soul!

Among the Angelenos in Oakland this week are Mr. A. B. Cass and Mr. William Mead. They prefer to stay on that side of the bay.

Anecdotes of the Kingdom of Rudgia.

I.

The Last Roistering of Prince Iliaster Before He Marries.

Prince Iliaster was twenty-four years of age. His father was old and infirm. The king wished to see his son married before he died. He sent word to all of his ambassadors to look out for a princess fit to be the future queen of Rudgia—a woman of high lineage and wise deportment. After much hesitation the king asked for the hand of the Princess Azar of the little mountain principality of Cahuenga, about twelve miles from the sea and to the west of Rudgia.

The princess was fair and of noble mien. Although of no great wealth she seemed to promise a grander womanhood than any of the other women of royal blood who sought an alliance with the house of Rudgia. The king feared somewhat for his son. Among the prince's habitual companions were many revelers. He needed as man as well as prince, a judicious wife. All the king's advisers believed that the Princess Azar would be such a one to him. So she was chosen. The betrothal had been made public for some time. The nuptials were to take place in a week. The prince was full of good resolutions. He felt that he loved the princess and was as happy as any of his father's subjects at the approach of his wedding.

Following the custom of the land the prince gave a farewell supper to his accustomed friends. It was a merry feast, cordial and intimate. The evening passed into night, and the night into the early hours of dawn, when cocks crow threateningly to lazy ears. Somewhat unsteadily the prince rose from his seat at the head of the table, a dusty bottle, streaked with cobwebs, poised carefully in his hand.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let us wind up our last banquet of bachelorhood with a final toast. We have pledged and repledged each other in wines from many sunkissed slopes. This venerable bottle I hold in my hand comes from the chancellor of the kingdom."

"Hear, Hear," cried the guests, pounding on the table.

"It contains Soma wine from distant Kashmir," continued the prince. "This wine is of rare quality and has peculiar merits. To whomsoever it seems palatable, to him is granted all his desires. From him who dislikes it is withheld all triumph. Will you try this magic liqueur, gentlemen?"

"Surely, Prince," gaily responded Boyo. "There are no sour faces here. If our success depends upon our liking the chancellor's wine you may be sure that failure will never trouble any of us. Isn't that right, Chadwin?"

"Undoubtedly," agreed Chadwin. "Every sort of tippie is good to men like us, unless it is some old woman's feeble brew. If we can have what we want, how do we get it? It is strange that the chancellor should be so niggardly of his gold if he keeps such liquid jugglery in his cellar. Let us drink. Give me



Wedding Stationery

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—and—
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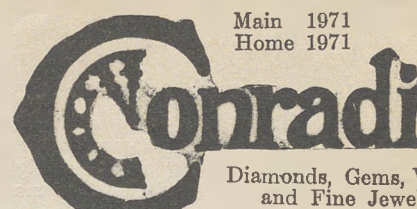
SATURDAY, MARCH 16

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Our selections have been made with the greatest of care backed by many years of experience, so that we feel justified in claiming "leadership" in our line of business.

In matters of style, workmanship, value and variety our display is not equalled in the city. We ask your verdict by inviting inspection and comparison.

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Phone Main 900.

a noble potion. My desires are boundless."
"I will give each of you a bumper of wine," said the prince. But before you taste it you must tell me what I can do for you. If possible aided by the chancellor, I will grant your wish. It shall be my legacy of folly to you."

"A most generous impulse," shouted Thoran. "Do you bequeath us all of your gaiety, Iliaster?" asked Chadwin.

"No," answered the Prince. "Only my satiety."

"What a solemn benedick you are going to be," mumbled Boyo, in an undertone.

"Well, here goes then," cried Thoran, holding out his glass to be filled by the prince. "I do not ask for any far-fetched boon. My wish is common-place. I ask for wealth such as would answer the purposes of an ordinary man."

As he drank a mercenary gleam flashed from beneath his drooping lids.

"Granted," called out the Prince. "A tax on extravagance is to be established. You Thoran, shall be both the assessor and the collector of this new levy. Everyone who spends more than he should is to be charged ten per cent of his income, five per cent to go to the state and five per cent to Thoran, who is to be also judge as to what is extravagance and appraiser of incomes."

"A jolly hoax," exclaimed Thoran, hiding his chagrin in boisterous laughter. "No more dollar tips to the barmaids my boy," he added, laying his hand on Boyo's shoulder.

(Continued next week)

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Barnum left San Francisco last Tuesday morning for New York, whence Mr. Barnum sails April 6 for Antwerp.

Simpson Auditorium L. E. BEHYMER, Manager.

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 8:15 O'CLOCK

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Seat Sale now on at Birkel's Music Store, 345 South Spring Street. Prices 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00

La Fiesta Park 12th ST. AND GRAND AVE.

The Greatest of all the Fun Makers

Thursday, Friday, Saturday Matinee and Evening, April 4-5-6

Shrine Society Circus

Hippodrome, Menagerie and Side Show

318 Shriners—Representing the Sinew, Agility, Wit and Brains of Los Angeles

150 LAUGHS IN 150 MINUTES

Don't Miss the Matinee—The Children's Day

Seat Sale now on at Birkel's Music Store, Price \$1 and \$1.50

Lucille's Postscript.

Two really wonderful hats of Miss Swobdi's creation which have attracted much attention—too much, perhaps, from an envious and imitative competitor—are worth special description. They have been so much talked of by milliners that I am told a rival milliner, who should trust more to her own originality, has had them copied, photographed, and advertised as her own. Of course I cannot adjudicate such controversies, interesting and instructive as they may be. One of these hats is a drooping Gainsborough with a gorgeous bird of paradise, whose like has never before been seen in this city, and the other is a modified mushroom shape, made of frill upon frill of narrow real lace and around the crown is a splendid blue plume, with the end of the plume drooping down towards the shoulder. They were discovered by Swobdi and are her's.

Mrs. Irvine and Mr. James W. Byrne left San Francisco Tuesday en route for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn returned Wednesday from a ten day's visit to San Francisco, Grand opera and telephones.

Tailored Silk Suits

It is exceedingly difficult to produce satisfactory tailored suits in silk. We have some late models in strictly tailored styles, that are remarkable in their perfection of line and finish. They are in shades of pongee—extremely smart, the last word in women's fashions for spring.

Matheson & Berner
Broadway Corner 3rd



Yes! It's a Blend

But there's no better on the Market—A taste will prove it. 'Enough said? Well I guess.' We have been in business for the past 20 years.

Yours,
Goldschmidt Bros.

310 N. Los Angeles

Deborah's Diary

Lady Golfers Coming.

My cousin, Jane, writes me from San Francisco: "Much interest is being taken in the plans for the coming tournament of the California Women Golfer's Association to be held in Los Angeles, commencing April 15. A number of players will probably go from here. Miss Florence Ives is the captain of the team and one of the strong players. Miss Alice Hager is discussing the possibility of going down, as is also Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, the captain of the Menlo Park team. Mrs. John Rogers Clark will not go, but Mrs. A. M. Shields will certainly be one of the representatives. To the great regret of the golfers here Mrs. R. Gilman Brown, who held the championship, has gone to London to make her home permanently and her playing is lost to the association, as well as her charming personality. Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, who has been east all winter, is expected home this evening. Miss

Violet Whitney, one of the best of the Oakland players, is also in the east, but will be back, it is thought, before the tournament. Mrs. Bowles will certainly be a representative from the Oakland club and Mrs. Laurance Scott, captain of the Burlingame team, is to be one of the team from here. Mrs. Walter Martin, one of the best of the Burlingame players, will undoubtedly be selected on the team. Mrs. Lane, of the Sacramento club has not yet been heard from, but will be one of the women who is sufficiently expert to go." I hope you Los Angeles girls have been keeping Lent rigidly and are really fit to give us a decent game. We are all so sorry to hear that Mrs. Edmund T. Perkins will not be able to play. And is it true that Mrs. Will Bishop's baby daughter is so exacting that she, too, has 'sworn off' golf? I hear you have a new light of the links in Mrs. Maul. I hope Mrs. Frank Griffith is in good form. But I tell you the Southern California women will have to 'go some' to beat us." Now then, you Los Angeles lady golfers, you, practise up!

Black, uncolored, mixed, "Tea Kettle Tea."

"Bees" Entertain.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behymer entertained Wednesday evening—entertained informally for the old and the new music folks, at their home at 623 Carondelet street. Mr. Behymer and his pleasant winsome wife know how to entertain, the essence of which is to make the guest feel at home. The invitation to the "Bee" festivities tells the story of what was done. It read: "You already have a corner in Bee's heart. He wants you to have a corner in Bee's home. Will you throw away your cares for a few hours, bedeck yourself in a smile and any old clothes, and come over and get acquainted with a few 'new music folks,' and old music folks, and yourself at the same time?"

Vaudeville.

The festivities which will crowd upon one another immediately after Easter will be ushered in by the vaudeville entertainment which the Brownson House Association will give in the Gamut clubhouse on the evening of April 1. An entertaining program has been promised and the cause is a popular one so that indications point to a crowded house. Miss Gertrude Workman has taken much responsibility on her shoulders in arranging most of the entertainment but she is assisted by many enthusiastic young women. Bonbons and other toothsome things will be sold by Misses Anna McDermott, Lita Murietta, Ruth Kays, Mary Bernard, Joanna Molony, Mable Murray and Anne Troconiz. G. Allan Hancock has organized a real society orchestra which Mr. Kammeyer will direct. Among the players will be Hancock Banning, Frank Rule, A. Macleish, Frank Edwards, C. A. Kenyon, A. C. Winans and Mr. Hancock. Many of the musicians will be recognized as among those who formerly gave tone to musical afternoons at the Country Club, where an orchestra of bond holders used to gather weekly. Acrobatic turns will be given by Y. M. C. A. athletes and there will be picture advertisements; a one-act comedy, *The Burglar*; lightning change numbers and whistling solos by Miss Thekla Romadka. There are numerous other enjoyable features promised and a coterie of ornamental young men from the exclusive set will usher.

Once drunk, always drunk, "Tea Kettle Tea."



MADAME DUCREY of Paris

Treats all facial blemishes with remarkable success. Her own skin is fine and smooth, and other illustrations of her successful work may be seen at her office

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Scarless methods
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Deep lines removed.

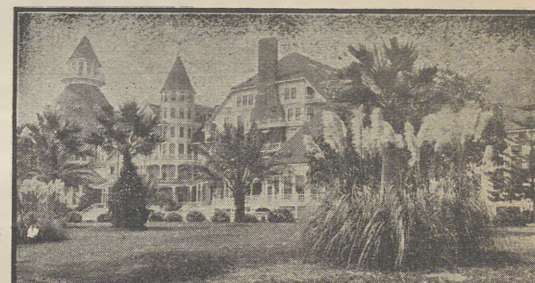
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For further information write to
MORGAN ROSS, Manager, Coronado, California.
H. F. NORCROSS Gen. Agent, 334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles
Home Tel. A 6789. Sunset Main 3917

Just to Remind You 250 Cups for 70 cents

From one pound of Sangalla Tea, you can make 250 cups of this delicious beverage, ask your grocer. Accept no substitute.



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Removal of Superfluous
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Time,
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Positively Removed.

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108 Stimson Building, Third and Spring Streets
Main 3093 Los Angeles, California Home 7773

Cut this out for reference.

Gertrude Cohen's Farewell.

Gertrude Cohen will give her concert on the evening of April 9 in the Belasco Theater. The patronesses for the occasion include: Mmes. F. M. Coulter, Willoughby Rodman, Hancock Banning, W. F. Botsford, J. S. Chapman, John D. Foster, W. J. Scholl, M. M. Potter, George Goldsmith, Irving Ingraham, I. N. Van Nuys, J. H. Martindale, John Kahn, A. B. McCutchen, J. B. Francisco, Alfred Solano, J. T. Fitzgerald, L. M. Cole, P. A. Newmark, W. W. D. Turner, M. J. Connel, Hugh MacNeil, G. J. Birkel, W. M. Stanton, Arno Behr, Benjamin Blossom, R. W. Crael, Adelbert Fenyes, G. A. Hancock, D. M. Riordan, S. W. Allerton, Misses Fay, Victoria Witmer, Canfield, Chapman and Hamburger.



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Scientific examination without charge and glasses fitted as low as \$1.50.

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BAND OF 45 MUSICIANS

20 SOLOISTS

at the

MAGNIFICENT PALM GARDEN, 18th AND MAIN

Every Evening at 8:30.

Admission 25 Cents

Phone B 1324

At the Lankershim.

After a year's absence from Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Kimball have returned to pass a short time at the Hotel Lankershim. The romantic marriage of these two representatives of wealthy families interested Los Angeles people very much at the time and they have many friends who have welcomed their return. Mrs. Kimball was Miss Albuquerque Calvin, named for the town in which her father died. The wedding followed a courtship which was ardent and the ceremony was pronounced after a wild automobile ride for license and parson. Mrs. Calvin wished her daughter to travel with her for a time before marrying but the young people took their own counsel in the matter. From this city the Kimballs will go to Carrolltown, Mo., where Mr. Kimball's business interests are.

All good grocers sell "Tea Kettle Tea."

Mrs. Low Returns.

Mrs. Carrol E. Low has returned from a six month's trip through Europe and is welcoming her friends at the Westminster. The large collection of Indian baskets which Mrs. Low was famous for during her former residence here has been augmented by additions made during her sojourn in other states. Among other treasures which were gathered by the traveler afar are two handsome windows from Versailles and Naples which will be placed in the house which she will soon build on Wilshire boulevard. Speaking of Indian baskets naturally reminds me to say that Mrs. O. P. Posey is again at home in Los Angeles after a stay of some time in New York. Mrs. Posey did not sell her baskets when she disposed of many other valuable decorative things before breaking up her home on Figueroa street.

Mr. Balfour's Concert.

The concert given by Henry H. Balfour was unusually well attended and the numbers given varied, ambitious and well-rendered as they were, were received with much merited applause. This was Mr. Balfour's first concert in California and he was accompanied on the piano by William Edson Strobbridge who gave several solos. There was a large list of patronesses and of these Mrs. John H. Norton, Mrs. D. M. Riordan, Miss Gertrude Cohen and Mr. and Mrs. William J. Scholl occupied one box while a party of musicians filled the opposite one. The audience was representative of the city's most prominent people.

The flavor is superb, "Tea Kettle Tea."

Music and Dancing.

The Hotel Ingraham is preparing to entertain its guests with an evening of music and dancing shortly after Easter. Dinner will follow the musical numbers and dancing will conclude the evening. The singers will be Miss Alice Starr, Miss Bessie Bulpin, William Dellamore, Mrs. Edith Jamison Lowe and other pupils of Signor Buzzi who will also take part. Mrs. Lowe returned recently from New York where she spent several months in concert singing.

King of San Miguel.

The uncrowned king of San Miguel Island will entertain the veterans of California and Nevada on his island domains during April, when the California Department of the G. A. R. will hold sessions in Santa Barbara. Mr. W. G. Waters, who owns this sheep island of romantic history, is the most likely candidate for department honors at the hands of the G. A. R. this year and the veterans will probably take a trip to the sea-girt kingdom between

political sessions. It was this island that was the home of Dorothy Creede's mother during her girlhood when Mrs. Waters was her foster-mother.

Are Christian Scientists.

Among interesting facts about our matrimony booming mayor that have not heretofore disseminated is the fact that both he and his wife are Christian Scientists. And while on the subject of personalities, though it is a long leap to Abe Ruef—you may be surprised to hear that the trembling boss is a man of many unsuspected accomplishments. Ruef is among other things a splendid linguist. He is proficient in German, French, Spanish and Italian. When Louis Ernest Dreyfus, who is now in the Blanchard building, was conducting classes in San Francisco, Ruef frequently attended for the benefit of practice with Mr. Dreyfus, who also made acquaintance, in similar manner with Mayor Schmitz. Linguistry is responsible for many interesting experiences of which Mr. Dreyfus, in circling the globe, has had his share though he is modest in relating them.

Sixty cents a pound, "Tea Kettle Tea"

Society Still In Embryo.

Society is so unformed as yet in Los Angeles that one meets strange mixtures of possible and impossible social elements at many houses, especially those of new-comers. It is amusing to note the change in the character of the guests from year to year in the gatherings of the socially ambitious who come here as strangers. When a woman, let us say from Dakota, first comes to this city and wishes to entertain a score or more of people, she has to hustle to make up the necessary number in order to appear to be in the social swim. The result is motley. Shirt sleeves and broadcloth rub elbows. Ladies of exemplary propriety, who make every party stiff, will sit during these festive hours in infant class groups, waiting to be made tolerable to the other guests by some one of more *savoir faire*. Sometimes these gatherings, when they become natural have a "go" which is not patrician. But what's the odds? It is the West trying to create a caste. The whole performance is most diverting. One sees widowed finger-nails protruding from the sleeves of a dress coat and diamonds over a print dress encircling a ten cent ruching. But why not?

The New Stevens-Duryea "Light Six."

\$3,650 Takes It.

A 35 Horse Power Six Cylinder Car, built on Stevens-Duryea lines:—The Famous Unit Power Plant and Three Point Suspension. Originated by the Stevens Duryea Co. three years ago and now copied everywhere.

Wheel Base 112 inches, large, roomy tonneau, weight 2,350 pounds—make this car wonderfully smooth and powerful.

Demonstrator En Route.

Light Six Cars have been ordered by
Wm. H. Schweppe, G. B. Wardman,
Louis E. Laffin, James H. Adams,
W. H. Allen, C. Culver.

Western Motor Car Co.

415 SOUTH HILL STREET

Charles E. Anthony, Pres. Earl C. Anthony, Mgr.

The title of W. E. Norris's latest novel "Harry and Ursula" most accurately describes the scope of the plot. The story is concerned with a misunderstanding between two foolish young people who will not acknowledge the affection they have for each other. From the reader's point of view the weak point of the whole affair is the beginning of this misunderstanding. It is difficult to believe that two young people who are very much in love with other could really be kept apart by being a little shy on first meeting after a temporary separation. Mr. Norris's novels all have the same good points and the same failings. They are written in pure and cultivated English, and the people are very obviously ladies and gentlemen.

A nice taste in humor distinguishes the work of Molly Elliot Seawell, so that in the case of her new story, "The Secret of Toni," we are willing to appreciate it as just what it is, pleasant, amiable froth with a Gallic coloring to it. A double-barrel love-story, of the loves of two little boys for two little girls, and how the boys grew up, one becoming an officer, the other first a circus-rider, then a private in the officer's regiment, and how the elders lived and loved in the French garrison towns where the action takes place, and how the title-character was a curious combination of strength and cowardice; it is all told charmingly and daintily, and we never really shiver at the threat of tragedy, for we know the author is only bringing it in as artistic relief from the placid happiness that blows through her story.

Report of the Condition of THE NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA, at Los Angeles, in the State of California, at the close of business, March 22, 1907.	
RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts.....	\$2,025,386.20
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	2,009.26
U. S. bonds to secure circulation.....	350,000.00
Premiums on U. S. bonds.....	12,031.25
Bonds, securities, etc.....	54,468.07
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures..	12,000.00
Other real estate owned.....	12,728.12
Due from national banks (not reserve agents).....	\$1,275,853.25
Due from State banks and bankers.....	116,717.87
Due from approved reserve agents.....	349,470.67
Checks and other cash items.....	1,848.02
Exchanges for clearing house.....	43,154.56
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	990.37
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz.:.....	\$286,507.45
Specie.....	6,700.00
Legal tender notes.....	293,207.45
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation).....	17,500.00
Total.....	\$4,567,365.09
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund.....	50,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	67,894.14
National bank notes outstanding.....	345,000.00
Due to other national banks.....	\$ 370,668.00
Due to State banks and bankers.....	28,704.55
Due to trust companies and savings banks.....	517,361.91
Dividends unpaid.....	37.50
Individual deposits subject to check.....	2,566,771.89
Demand certificates of de- posit.....	106,317.88
Certified checks.....	4,404.88
Cashier's checks outstanding.....	10,114.34
Total.....	\$3,604,433.45
Total.....	\$4,567,365.09
State of California,) County of Los Angeles,) ss. I, R. I. ROGERS, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. R. I. ROGERS, Cashier.	
Correct—Attest: H. W. FRANK, HENRY M. ROBINSON, F. W. BRAUN, O. H. CHURCHILL, W. D. WOOLWINE, Directors.	
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of March, 1907. [Seal] MAY L. EVANS, Notary Public.	

Santa Barbara

FROM THE CITY OF PEACE.

March Twenty-sixth.

Last week was a round of disappointments in Santa Barbara and Montecito society. The rain has punctuated every engagement and luncheons and dinners and dances have been called off at the last moment when it was found that the Clerk of the Weather was inexorable and that such a thing as a gleam of sun was not to be had for love and certainly not for money. Speaking of gleams puts me in mind that all Santa Barbara Barbara was highly elated over a rainbow that bound it in a ring of bright hues on Wednesday evening, stretching clear over the town in an unbroken bow of the most brilliant hues and, as every well-informed person knows, that is a portent of the greatest fortune. Anyway Santa Barbara is all right, sign of luck or not.

The gayeties of the week drew to a close with Mrs. Charles S. Fay's Friday afternoon at the Country Club, where a crowd of ultra-fashionable women and a few men gathered for the pleasure of meeting each other supping a cup of fragrant brew and saying farewell, before whirling off to other scenes of pleasure.

Yellow roses were the only blossoms used on the dinner table at *Bellosguardo* Monday evening, when Mrs. William Miller Graham entertained in honor of Mrs. A. H. McKay, of the City of Mexico, who formerly had her home in Santa Barbara and who is there for the season, a guest at the Potter. Only the mind of an artist could have evolved so simple and perfect a picture as that framed by the roses. Covers were laid for eighteen.

Mrs. Clinton B. Hale gave a bridge party at *Le Chalet* on Tuesday and, despite the dismal day, or, perhaps, because of it, the rooms of the house glowed with cheer and comfort. The decorations were exceedingly effective and original and were designed by Mrs. Hale herself. The guests were seated at a circular table, ten feet across. In the center, taking up five feet across, was a bed of ferns and scattered here and there were cards formed of red blossoms on a frame of white four spots of diamonds and five spots of hearts being the favorites. After the menu was discussed the guests adjourned to where small tables were prepared for bridge and there they played diligently until the tea hour.

Mrs. W. J. Variel, of Los Angeles and Mrs. Louis Givernaud, wife of the earliest silk merchant of New York and indeed of America, were guests of honor at a dinner given on Monday evening by Mrs. Clarence Wheeler, of Montecito. Mrs. Givernaud is Mrs. Wheeler's house guest for a week.

Chaplain Lewis, who is a retired navy chaplain and a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, had a birthday last week and the guests at the Gregson, where he and his wife board, made a regular fete, which was not so difficult as it fell on St. Patrick's Day. A ship was in the center of the board, around which were seated eighty guests—I mean around the board, not around the ship—and at one end a huge cake, encircled with green candles, attracted much attention and also was good to the taste when cut. Chaplain Lewis is certainly a prime favorite at the Gregson. The same evening Judge and Mrs. J. B. Thomas gave a little dinner at the hotel. They also boarding there, and their guests, including Mrs. Christian Herter and Mrs. Herminia de la Guerra Lee, joined the group who were feteing the clergyman.

Mrs. E. J. de Sabla, of Burlingame, who is a guest at the Potter for the remainder of the season, gave a luncheon at *Le Chalet*, Montecito, on Monday, March 18, when she was assisted by her daughter, and covers were laid for seven.

Sunday, March the 17th, was the day Mrs. E. H. Weber entertained at *Le Chalet*, covers being laid for eight, among them Mrs. J. L. Durant and Miss Durant.

Tuesday Mrs. Duncan Draper gave a bridge luncheon at the Country Club and after the game a number of men and women dropped in informally for tea, the affair taking on the hospitable air of Mrs. Draper's native Kentucky.

Report of the Condition of THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES At the close of Business March 22, 1907.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$10,616,590.65
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	36,457.89
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	1,250,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits....	736,959.03
Bonds on hand.....	11,641.15
Premiums on U. S. Bonds.....	57,450.99
Bonds, securities, etc.....	641,397.42
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents).....	\$ 600,771.13
Due from State banks and bankers.....	731,325.57
Due from approved reserve agents.....	1,110,839.19
Checks and other cash items.....	104,455.36
Exchange for clearing house.....	321,935.70
Notes of other National Banks.....	28,958.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents.....	5,594.00
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz.:.....	\$2,544,232.00
Specie.....	495,200.00
Legal tender notes.....	3,039,432.00
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	5,943,310.95
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer.....	62,500.00
Cash on hand, special deposits, city and county.....	295,000.00
Total.....	\$19,651,308.08
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus fund.....	250,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....	1,221,791.22
National Bank notes outstanding.....	1,229,850.00
Due to other National Banks.....	\$ 1,388,378.54
Due to State banks and bankers.....	833,392.70
Due to trust and savings banks.....	1,196,202.64
Dividends unpaid.....	1,035.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....	10,774,620.64
Demand certificates of de- posit.....	208,747.30
Certified checks.....	21,241.81
Cashier's checks outstand- ing.....	133,594.48
U. S. Deposits.....	695,666.35
Letters of credit.....	6,787.40
Total Deposits.....	15,259,666.86
Special deposits, city and county.....	295,000.00
Bond account.....	145,000.00
Total.....	\$19,651,308.08

*No Real Estate. No Furniture and Fixtures.
*Additional Assets—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company and held by the Officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,)
County of Los Angeles,) ss.
I, W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of March, 1907.

Correct: Attest:
W. N. HAMAKER, Notary Public.
J. M. ELLIOTT,
STODDARD JESS,
G. E. BITTINGER,
W. J. TRASK,
DAN MURPHY,
Directors.

Statement of Conditions of the LOS ANGELES TRUST COMPANY LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, At the close of Business March 22, 1907.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$3,323,944.29
Bonds, securities, etc.....	890,166.13
Banking house, furniture and fixtures...	436,500.00
Overdrafts.....	1,052.60
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	1,022,065.48
Total.....	\$5,673,728.50
LIABILITIES.	
Capital.....	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	237,661.35
Deposits.....	4,436,067.15
Total.....	\$5,673,728.50

Statement of Conditions of the METROPOLITAN BANK AND TRUST COMPANY LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, At the close of Business March 22, 1907.

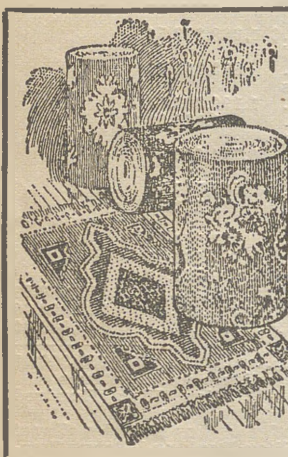
RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$ 380,811.34
Overdrafts.....	3,643.55
Bonds.....	227,507.00
Bank promises.....	300,000.00
Furniture and fixtures (including Safe Deposit Vaults).....	25,000.00
Cash on Hand and Sight Exchange.....	595,710.33
Total.....	\$1,532,672.22
LIABILITIES.	
Capital.....	\$ 250,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	93,660.66
Mortgage assumed.....	100,000.00
Deposits.....	1,089,011.56
Total.....	\$1,532,672.22



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STANDARD SEWING MACHINE AGCY, 327 S. SPRING

Mrs. Sherman P. Stow, of *La Patera*, had cards out for a brilliant luncheon at her handsome country seat, on Wednesday, but for some unexplained reason the Clerk of the Weather seems to have a grudge against Mrs. Stow for she never plans to have anything at *La Patera* that he does not cast a pall of drenching rain over the land. She outwitted him on Wednesday, however, for she simply telephoned the young people—the affair was in honor of Miss Lillian Taylor, of Pittsburgh—to meet her at the *Casa de Brabo* and there, to the sound of the rain dripping on the tiles, was added the tinkling music of mandolins and guitars as the group enjoyed a typical Spanish repast.

George J. Kaime was host Tuesday at a jolly little dinner at his residence, Padre and Santa Barbara streets, covers being laid for twelve.

Masses of pink roses were scattered over the table and garlanded out at *Bellosguardo* when, on Thursday evening, Mrs. William Miller Graham entertained at dinner for Mrs. Gruener, Madame Dater's daughter, who is spending the season at the Gillespie place with the Daters. Mrs. Gruener was presented with a corsage bouquet of Cecil Bruner roses. Mrs. Gruener is accompanied to the coast by her sister, Mrs. Chapman, and the two matrons, and their husbands will remain for some time, probably until the Harry Daters have completed their fine villa near the Gillespies.

Mrs. Frohman, of Portland, Oregon, gave a pretty luncheon at the Potter, eleven guests being invited. After the menu was discussed the group was taken to Mrs. Frohman's apartments where its members were permitted to inspect the wonderful collection which their hostess brought from the Orient.

Miss Bispham, who is a charming hostess, never shone more than she did Wednesday evening, when she gave a little dinner and after it was over guided her guests to the ball room for the mid-week dance. The Moorish room was used for the dinner.

The Rev. Father Le Vey, a Dominican monk from Paris, gave the second in a series of five lectures that he is delivering at Mrs. Christian Herter's residence in Micheltorena street, on Saturday afternoons. This week, being Holy Week, there will be no talk, and as Father Le Vey has concluded the addresses on the situation in France and the division of Church and State, there will be no broken threads to gather up when, after Easter, he gives three lectures on French literature, that most interesting of topics.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Stewart White, father and mother of Stewart Edward White, gave a dinner Wednesday evening at their picturesque home, Santa Barbara and Padre streets, for a group of people from Grand Rapids, Michigan, which was the former abode of the Whites.

To return to Thursday—Mr. and Mrs. Joel R. Fithian gave a little dinner Thursday evening at their delightful place near the Country Club.

Mrs. Samuel J. Walker, who is staying at Miramar, finding it less like her home in Chicago than any other place on the coast, entertained Thursday with a luncheon at *Le Chalet*. The table was all golden with poppy cups and covers were laid for eight women.

Once more the Charles Frederick Eatons are occupying their noteworthy place in Montecito and the fact was made public by Mrs. Eaton's sending out cards for her day on Thursday. Many of the smart women responded and the house was well filled all the afternoon.

Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Milo M. Potter gave a dinner at the Potter, when Mr. and Mrs. Warren J. Willits were the guests of honor.

It was planned that Saturday afternoon should inaugurate the Spring series of garden parties but the floods descended and Mrs. George Bruce Douglass, who had arranged the grounds of Colonel William Dwight Wiman's house on upper Garden street, which she is

occupying, for a fete was obliged to have tables, flowers, etc., removed to the big rooms, which were a perfect bower of blossoms for what seems small outside takes on big proportions indoors. The lawn fete resolved itself into a five o'clock tea and everyone had just as good a time as though it had been the other way.

Mrs. Hugh F. R. Vail gave a large card party Saturday afternoon at her home in Montecito, when twelve tables were filled by lovers of the ever popular game.

Mrs. E. J. de Sabla, of Burlingame, was hostess at a luncheon Saturday at the Potter, fruit blossoms serving as decorations.

Among the young belles who entertained at the Potter Saturday evening at dinner were Miss Ednah and Miss Sidney Davis. They had as guests eight of the local smart set and the dinner was a merry one, and was supplemented by a dance in the ball room.

Another pretty little dinner on Saturday was that at which Mr. and Mrs. C. Armor were hosts, the guests of honor being Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederick Eaton and the scene, the Moorish room of the Potter.

Not having insular prejudices, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. de Sabla, of Burlingame, gave an effective dinner at the *Casa de Brabo* Sunday evening. The dining room was in the typical red and yellow of Spain, jonquils and poppies being used to carry out the color scheme. A string orchestra tinkled the romantic airs of long ago and the menu was of course composed entirely of Spanish dishes.

During his stay in Santa Barbara, Professor Francis G. Peabody, D. D., of Harvard University, who preached in the Unitarian Church Sunday, was the guest of Charles P. Bowditch, who has the Hazard House in Mission Canyon for a year. The professor has many friends in the City of Peace, he having lived here for a whole season and preached in the Unitarian Church when there was no regular pastor. He remained until Wednesday, greeting his admirers and gaining strength and inspiration for his lectures in Stanford and Berkeley Universities next month.

Among those who gave dinners at the Potter Saturday were: Mr. and Mrs. Peveril Meigs and Miss Meigs, Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Austin, Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Olsen, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, who entertained in honor of Dr. and Mrs. George A. White; Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Stott, Arthur Dodworth, of Pasadena and Harold S. Cook. Of course the ball room swallowed all the individuals later in the evening.

The report of the building inspector, issued last Saturday, showed a gratifying total of 511 permits, representing a valuation of \$832,594. This is not as high as the amount for the corresponding period last year, but it is indicative of a steady advance in building despite many obstacles that did not interfere with the work twelve months ago.

Cut flowers, floral designs, and decorative green, potted palms and house plants.

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FOURTH AND BROADWAY

Where Are They?

Dr. and Mrs. Andrew P. Wilson are at home at 1335 West Washington street.

Mrs. William Variel, of 1236 Arapahoe street, has returned from Santa Barbara.

Mrs. A. H. Kenyon, of Minneapolis, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. F. S. Barnard, of 837 South Union.

Mrs. F. M. Davis, of New York, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. M. N. Robertson, of 1929 Lovelace avenue.

Miss Maybelle Rendall, daughter of Mrs. S. A. Rendall, of 905 South Alvarado street, will shortly leave for Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. James Smith and Mr. J. A. Smith have returned from Europe and are occupying their home at 833 Lake street.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Stearns, of 27 St. James Park, will shortly leave for a two years' residence in the east. Their daughter, Miss Katherine, is to attend Miss Porter's school at Farmington, Conn., and Mr. and Mrs. Stearns have decided to make their home near New York for the next two years.

Receptions.

March 23—Miss Lily Olhausen, 1505 St. Andrews Place; theater party and luncheon.

March 25—Mrs. E. W. Reynolds, 625 South Burlington avenue; at home for Miss Mabel Reynolds.

March 26—Mrs. J. J. Still, Towne avenue; at home.

March 26—Mrs. C. S. Krouse, 2816 Menlo avenue; at home.

March 27—Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Burns, 1431 Rich street; at home.

March 27—Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Behymer, 623 Carondelet street; at home.

March 30—Mrs. J. Wesley Sprague, 1740 Harvard boulevard; reception for Miss Pearl Burnham.

Date Book.

April 1—Los Robles School; dance at Shakespeare Club House, Pasadena.

April 2—Mrs. C. C. Parks, Santa Barbara; dinner-dance.

April 2—Mrs. O. H. La Grange, Soldiers' Home; at home.

April 3—Mrs. Reuben Shettler and Mrs. Leon T. Shettler, 1718 Lenox avenue; musicale.

April 3—Mrs. John S. Vallely, 3452 South Flower street; at home for Miss Eleanor Vallely.

April 3—Mrs. Walter Lindley, 2007 South Figueroa street; tea.

April 5—Mrs. Frank Morrisson, Redlands; dinner-dance.

April 9—Miss Gertrude Cohen; recital at the Belasco Theater.

Mr. John E. Stearns

27 St. James Park

Is going East and will not return for two years. He offers his residence.

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**W. I. Hollingsworth
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316 Wilcox Building

On the Stage and Off

Wilson Barrett's dramatization of Hall Caine's well-known story, staged under the title of *The Manxman*, has been revived this week by the Belasco theater company and, so far as the acting is concerned, makes a stronger impression than did its former production at the same house. The story is a painful one, and its termination leaves an unsatisfied feeling in the minds of the audience; even while it must be admitted that the circumstances as arranged by the author make any other solution impossible. Peter Quilliam, an uncultured but genuine, true-hearted, noble fellow, leaves his sweetheart, Kate, to the care of his life-long friend, Philip Christian, while he goes away to the diamond mines of South Africa to seek his fortune. While he is away, the report of his death arrives. Philip betrays his trust and the girl too, so that when Peter returns unexpectedly, he is deceived into marrying his sweetheart, who is made desperate by the fact that Philip, the betrayer, refuses to marry her because such an alliance would ruin him politically. The result of the intrigue is a child, which Peter supposes to be his own. The mother, still yearning for her recreant lover and unable to bear the life of deception that she is compelled to live as Peter's wife, leaves him and goes, surreptitiously, to Philip, who is much embarrassed in consequence. The truth comes out, when Philip, conscience stricken, announces that he is the father of the child that Peter supposes to be his own. The culmination of the story shows each of the parties to this triangular arrangement going respectively on their separate ways; and the curtain falls. The ultimate fate of the mother and child, husband, and betrayer, is left to the imagination of the audience. The story is elemental in its simplicity and is acted without any of the melodramatic heroics usually found in plays of this class. As originally given it was attempted to divide the interest of the audience equally between the two friends, the plebeian Peter and the aristocratic Philip, but this plan was changed at a later period, and in the present version the wronged and simple-minded Peter stands out alone. As interpreted by Mr. Stone, Peter's incredible obtuseness is made even more exasperating than, possibly, the author intended. Mr. Stone's intellectual temperament, his quick eye, and his nervous, alert movements cannot be made to harmonize with the ignorant and dog-like devotion of the trusting Peter. It is the fault of the author that he has created an unimaginable character in an almost equally impossible set of circumstances.

Mr. Glazier's Philip is played without exaggeration, almost to the point of tameness. So fearful does he seem of overstepping the bounds of naturalism that he does not even bare his head to receive the blow that he invites from Philip's ax. The average actor of melodrama would, in confessing his wrong-doing, dash his chapeau to the ground, drop on one knee, extend his arms and with the spot light streaming on his convulsed features, beg hoarsely for immediate execution. But Mr. Glazier, with his back to the audience, simply extends his arms and keeping his stiff hat on his head as if it might be of some protection, asks Philip in a voice that hardly has the sign of repentance, to execute his vengeance upon him. Of the two methods, while Mr. Glazier's is to be preferred for obvious reasons, yet it is unconvincing.

Miss Albertson, as the unfortunate Kate, is

at her best in the first act, before the shadow has fallen upon the girl's life. Afterwards her repression is so persistent that too much is left to the imagination of the audience. Kate's misery is suggested, more than shown. The actress moves with grace and poses beautifully, her facial expression is truthful, but she makes the spectator look for an outburst of electrifying quality that never comes.

Hall Caine paints with a large brush and works for big situations. He has no refinement in his methods. He takes the common people of his island and expects them to behave as fits their environment and bringing up. If this view is correct, the principal people in this piece are not in the proper atmosphere. The ruggedness and strength to be looked for are not there but instead we are treated to repression and refinement.

Mr. Yerance, as the psalm-singing, hypocritical father of Kate, affords an excellent study in character work and is truer in his interpretation than the others named. The repulsive trio, by Vivian, Earl and Lowell in their short scenes are excellently acted, and in fact the cast generally is thoroughly competent and the scenic display artistic. *The Manxman* is not a great play, but it will hold its own in the class of domestic melodrama to which it belongs.

The return of Nat C. Goodwin to the Mason Opera House for an all too brief season of two weeks, is hailed with delight by his crowd of admirers, which includes the entire theater-going public. The plays to be given during this engagement include the best that Mr. Goodwin has in his repertoire. This week *The Genius*, in which he was seen here last summer, and *A Gilded Fool*, both excellent vehicles for the display of he actor's talents as a comedian. Next week, in addition to two plays familiar to local audiences, he will present *What Will a Gentleman Do*, for the first time here. Much interest is also expressed in the promised "trial scene" from *The Merchant of Venice*, in which Mr. Goodwin appears as the Jew, *Shylock*. It is announced that it is the actor's intention to make the Shakespearean play a leading attraction next season as it has attracted much favorable comment and has drawn big houses wherever Mr. Goodwin has appeared in it. It requires considerable courage for an actor with a well-earned and thoroughly established reputation as a comedian to attempt the portrayal of a character of so serious a type as that of *Shylock* in which many tragedians before him have made their success. The attempt on Mr. Goodwin's part is indicative of his determination as well as of his ambition and there is no apparent reason why his belief in himself should not prove to be amply justified.

The supporting company is worthy of its chief and the engagement is proving highly successful. *George A. Dobinson.*

Under the Bear Flag, a new California play by Dr. C. W. Bachman, put on for the first time by Manager Morosco at the Burbank Theater last Sunday afternoon, should when the customary elimination of superfluous dialogue has been made, prove a valuable piece of property. Dr. Bachman has used as a pivot for his story the Bear Flag Revolt in 1846, and a number of the characters in the drama bear resemblance to those with whom every school boy and girl is familiar. Several love stories are interwoven throughout the action of the piece, perhaps the most interesting being that of the French-Canadian *Pierre* and the Spanish senorita, admirably played by H. J. Ginn and Margo Duffet, respectively.

Belasco Theater

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Last times Saturday and Sunday of

"The Manxman"

Next week commencing Monday
William Gillette's inimitable comedy

"Because She Loved Him So"

Regular Belasco prices prevail. Every night
25c to 75c. Matinees Thursday and Satur-
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MASON OPERA HOUSE

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Lessee and Manager

Week of Monday, April 1. Continued Engagement

LAST WEEK OF

NAT. C. GOODWIN

and his company, including

MISS EDNA GOODRICH.

Monday and Tuesday—"What Would a Gentleman
Do?" "The Trial Scene From Merchant of
Venice."

Wednesday Night and Saturday Matinee—"When
We Were Twenty-One."

Thursday and Friday Night—"An American Citi-
zen."

Saturday Night Mr. Goodwin will present an act
from "The Gilded Fool," "The Genius,"
"When We Were Twenty-One," and "The
Trial Scene From the Merchant of Venice."
Prices, 50c to \$2.00.

Orpheum Theater

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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 1ST

The Uessem
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The Olivottis
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One Week Commencing Sunday March 31

THE ELLEFORD CO.

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"THE PLUNGER"

Love and Romance in Wall Street.

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday, Saturday

As a whole the drama may be said to prove a success in the true sense of the word. The first, and in fact each succeeding performance, has been marked by the usual number of curtain calls which first productions at this theater receive and the appearance of the author is demanded regularly.

Maude Gilbert is seen as *Lomita*, a role that is well suited to the capabilities of this winsome little woman. William Desmond, as *Captain LeBrun*, does splendid work. Harry Mestayer plays *Joaquin* with his usual painstaking efforts and scores heavily. H. J. Ginn, as *Pierre*, offers an artistic bit of character work that is immediately recognized and cordially received.

Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers

Mason—Much interest and inquiry is taken in Nat C. Goodwin's second week at the Mason Opera House, which begins Monday with a repertoire of all his greatest successes. Monday and Tuesday nights he will present his new English comedy in three acts, by Gilbert Dayle, entitled, *What Would a Gentleman Do?*, which will be preceded by the trial scene from *The Merchant of Venice*, Mr. Goodwin appearing as *Shylock*. On Wednesday night and Saturday afternoon he will give one of his best known successes, *When We Were Twenty-one*. On Thursday and Friday evenings *An American Citizen*, and on Saturday night he will give one of the most extraordinary performances ever presented by a star in this or any other city, presenting in one evening an act from all of his greatest plays, including *A Gilded Fool*, *The Genius*, *An American Citizen*, *What Would a Gentleman Do?* *When We Were Twenty-one* and *The Merchant of Venice*. This will not only prove one of the rarest treats ever offered to theater-goers of this city, but at the same time will enable Mr. Goodwin to demonstrate his wonderful versatility as an actor of roles that differ from each other as far as day and night.

Morosco's—*Under the Bear Flag* has proved such a success that it will be continued another week. *Two Orphans* is in preparation.

Belasco—The gloomy drama, *The Manxman*, will give away Monday night to the frolicsome comedy, with a moral—*Because She Loved Him So*. Lillian Albertson should be seen to advantage in the part of the jealous wife.

Grand—New York is the scene of the events portrayed in *The Plunger*, offered this week at the Grand by the Elleford Company. *The Plunger* is a broker's clerk and his connection with the "market" is no small part of his importance in the play. The other characters are those of the Stock Exchange as popularly featured in the writings of Thomas W. Lawson and such novels as *The Pit*. The melodramatic element is furnished by a forgery and a sweetheart who defies her father's command for the sake of her unjustly-accused lover. *The Plunger*, however, is not the unfortunately fortunate young man but his friend and finally his savior from the attempt to send him to prison for the crime of another. The play abounds in heart interest and tells a story that is all too common in the world of high finance.

Orpheum—Very infrequently is an acrobatic turn given headline honors at the Orpheum, and these rare occurrences are the greater tribute to the quality of the act. The Uessem execute gymnastic and equilibristic feats that very properly entitle them to the long type.

There are two of them and they fairly earn their title of "wonders." Howard and Bland, who were here a couple of seasons ago, return with their amusing absurdity *A Strange Boy*. One of the features of this act is the piano playing of Mr. Finlay, who has music of all styles up his sleeve. Finlay and Burke with a sketch entitled, *Stageland Satire* will appeal strongly to the older patrons of vaudeville. Theirs is one of the old school acts but it is just as amusing and even more novel than the novelties so freely produced by the vaudeville profession of the day. Sharp Brothers, in the guise of "native sons" of the South, do a singing and dancing turn that owes its popularity equally to their agility and musical ability. The holdovers are May Tully & Co., Bert Levy, The Olivottis, and Johnny Jones.

Auditorium—Parsifal

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott, baritone and pianist, assisted by Mr. Archibald Sessions, concert organist, will give a concert at the Independent Church of Christ (Figueria and Eighteenth streets) Monday evening, April 22. This will be Mr. and Mrs. Lott's last appearance before their year's absence in Europe, and will be the occasion of the formal opening of the new Estey pipe organ of the Independent Church of Christ. Tickets on sale at Birkel's Music Co., 345 South Spring streets.

Maurice Grau, the well-known impresario, who died in Paris recently, came to New York City in 1854 from Austria, where he was born in 1849. He took a course in law in the Columbia Law School. In 1872 he became manager for Aimee, an opera bouffe prima donna. He also managed Rubinstein, the Clara Louise Kellogg Opera Company, Salvini, and others. The firm of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau managed Patti, Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and other leading stars of the stage. Mr. Grau retired from the firm in 1903.

THE AUDITORIUM Sparks M. Berry

"THEATRE BEAUTIFUL" Manager

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Commencing Monday, April 1st, with Wednesday
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THE FERRIS STOCK COMPANY AND
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Richard Wagner's Great Music Drama,

"PARSIFAL"

A magnificent production
An augmented orchestra

Miss Florence Stone as Kundry; Andrew Robson as Parsifal, supported by over 100 people, chorus of altar boys, flower maidens, etc.

Seats now selling for the week. Prices, 10, 25, 35 and 50c, night. Matinees, 10c, 25c.

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In the Musical World



CARROLL McCOMAS

The announcement of the Carroll McComas concert at Simpson Auditorium next Friday evening is one of the delightful after Lenten affairs. Miss McComas, for years, has pleased European and American audiences. As a whistler she stands supreme in her class of work. Every number is musically correct, her compositions are orchestrated with excellent care and she is as artistic in her entertainment as any of the great prima donnas in their vocal numbers. She will be assisted by capable artists with Mr. Archibald Sessions at the piano, Mr. Ludwig Opid, in 'cello solo and 'cello obligato; Mr. Harry Clifford Lott, baritone, and Mr. William Mead, in flute obligato. The program has been carefully selected, the numbers speaking for themselves.

1. Scherzo Schubert
 Mr. Archibald Sessions.
2. a. Voce di Primavera Johann Strauss
 b. Serenata, Op. 15 Moszkowski
 c. Nightingale Polka Ed. Mollenhauer
 Miss McComas.
3. Sur le Lac Benjamin Godard
 L. Opid.
4. a. Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2 Chopin
 b. L'Ete Chaminade
 c. Cavatina, Op. 85, No. 3 Raff
 d. Elegie Massenet
 Cello obligato Mr. Opid.
 Miss Carroll McComas.
5. a. Mine Max Bendix
 b. The Night Has a Thousand Eyes Foote
 c. Love Me if I Live Foote
 Mr. Harry Lott.
6. Fantasiestuck Julius Wuerst
 (Flute solo) Mr. Mead.
7. a. Valse Brilliant Foote
 b. Serenade Godard
 c. Berceuse Jocelyn David
 d. Thou Brilliant Bird, Perle du Bresil David
 (Flute obligato) Mr. Mead.
 Miss McComas.

San Francisco has approved Alice Nielsen and extolled her *Mimi* in *La Boheme*. The critics, indeed, have been ecstatic. Rather perhaps I should say instead of the critics, "the opera reporters," for Ashton Stevens who is a musician is still vegetating up in the Santa Barbara foothills, and none of his contemporaries, writing for the daily press, seem competent to criticize opera. On minor matters that involve accuracy of historical fact there can be no excuse for such a misstatement as Mr. James Crawford, of the *Call* commits. In reviewing the performance of *La Boheme* in San Francisco Mr. Crawford says: "No city in the United States is better qualified than San Francisco to criticize a performance of *La Boheme*. The opera received its first American presentation here." Nay! Nay! The first American presentation was in one of the southern republics, but the first performance in the United States was given by the Del Conti Opera Company in the Los Angeles Theater, Los Angeles, Thursday evening October 14, 1897.

Puccini's opera has been sung here many times since. In Hazard's Pavilion—with Melba as *Mimi*, Fritz Scheff as *Musette* and Cremonini as *Rudolfo*—it was given by the late Maurice Grau, November 9, 1900. It has been sung here since by the Lambardis and other Italian organizations.

The sixth and last concert of the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra will take place at Temple Auditorium on Friday afternoon, April 12. The change is made from the Mason Opera House owing to the fact that the solo number will be an organ number played by Mr. Sessions. The composition will be Guilmant's First Symphony for the organ and orchestra Op. 42, in three movements. The reserved seat sale for exchanges will open at the Birkel Music Store on April 1. The public sale of seats beginning on Thursday, April 4.

Frederick Gunster, one of the most promising young tenors of Los Angeles, will leave next month for Europe for a course of study. Mr. Gunster will give a farewell recital at the Ebell club and he will be assisted by Mrs. H. D. Ryus, who will preside at the Baldwin.

Ernest Douglas, organist at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, has been invited to act as one of the organists at the Jamestown Exposition. This honor is only accorded artists of recognized ability, and Mr. Douglas is to be congratulated upon the distinction conferred upon him by the committee on music.

Several parties have inquired for studios at the Gamut Club Building; but all are occupied up to April when one will be vacated. Music teachers will be interested to know of this opportunity to secure a studio at the Gamut Club, which stands for the best in local music. The building is easily accessible without the confusion of street noises.

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Carolyn Von Benzon, the lyric soprano, who has been selected to sing the arias in the *Parsifal* production at Temple Auditorium, and who is at the present time soloist at the First Christian Science Church, will be heard in concert at Gamut Club Auditorium on Thursday evening, April 11. Mrs. Von Benzon has the distinction of being one of the leading musicians of San Francisco who concluded after the earthquake to make Los Angeles her home, and who is a most valuable addition to the musical colony of this city. Her recital and reception is being arranged by her friends, Mrs. Cosmos Morgan and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter. Mrs. Von Benzon will be assisted by Miss May Orcutt at the piano and Mr. Natrop Blumfeld, the violinist. A splendid program of coloratura numbers, operatic arias and folk songs is being prepared.

The current season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York has revealed an indifference to the German performances which is not easy to understand, says the *New York Sun*. There is, to be sure, no predominating figure in the German personnel of the troupe, but admired powers are there. There have been no German productions at the Manhattan and will be none, as Mr. Hammerstein intends to confine his repertoire to the Italian and French operas. The failure of the Germans to support the performances of their own operas at the Metropolitan has brought about the present ascendancy of the Italian works. German opera-goers no longer hanker after the Wagnerian repertoire as they did of old. They are now enthusiastic supporters of the Italian performances, and it is the union of the two elements that has brought about the great revival in the taste for modern as well as the classic Italian repertoire. The Italians can feel the satisfaction of having stood for their own ideals throughout. New York's Italian colony is large and prosperous. It supplies every year more and more subscribers to the expensive parts of the opera houses, and its tastes will not be ignored in the future by any prudent manager.

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Among the Artists

In Los Angeles we are so accustomed to the coming and going of notable people that it sometimes happens that a person of notable individuality settles down here without our realizing that the community has gained in luster and renown. Mrs. M. Eleanor Evans came here unheralded a few years ago. Since her arrival she has quietly pursued her painting, not as yet having challenged public interest by an open exhibition. A few of her smaller pictures were shown at the rooms of the Ruskin Art Club a couple of years back. She paints landscapes, marines and figures. Her work shows great versatility. The best of her pictures are touched with a sensibility, which most of us are unaware of, as it shows itself in nature. Her work is noticeable for its charm of feeling. Although many of her pictures are strong both in conception and execution, their distinctive value is in their sensitiveness of impression. The landscapes are spiritualized transcripts of nature rather than sensuous delineations of her familiar moods. The sub-

jects are all tranquil. Mrs. Evans does not paint storms of any sort. Her taste seems to be rather for those moments of relaxed tension which come after warring times. One of the most poetical canvases in her studio on Marmion Way is a marine, *French Coast*. It is full of soft silvery light. Huge clouds lose themselves in a well devised, distant horizon. Peace and quietude reign, but only temporarily. The picture seems to have the rest which comes between times of stress. The same may be said of much of Mrs. Evans work. It is the intervals of serenity which she chooses; the moments of respite from struggle, whether it be that of the elements of nature or of the passions of man. This is noticeable in a picture called *Memories*, which shows an old man listening to the echoes of the sounds from his own violin, as if he had touched a chord too dear for repetition. This picture, while having much feeling, is drawn and painted in a masterly manner. The figure is seated quietly and easily, showing that Mrs. Evans has conquered most technical difficulties.

Old Mushroom Gatherer represents a grim old woman with a basket on her back resting for a moment from her labors. This is a well drawn figure simply executed. Mrs. Evans did a good deal of figure work formerly, but lately her interest seems to center about landscapes.

September Lane was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago. It shows a straggling fence, made up partly of old boards and partly of large boulders fencing off a meandering lane in true New England style. It is an attractive picture, full of the charm of eastern scenery. *Summer Morning* is a delightful bit of home-like painting. It gives a stretch of low, flat country and is rich in sentiment. *Little Marie* is a small fisher girl fast asleep. Mrs. Evans also does water colors well. She has two water colors of Saint Sulliac which are carefully drawn and interesting as examples of village architecture. *Portrait Study* is a pastel which was hung at the Paris salon. It is a study of a woman in blue. Since Mrs. Evans has been in California she has made numerous sketches of our mountains and of the

sea. *San Fernando* is an excellent perspective of the arcade of the old mission. *Tent on the Beach* has some strong color. *Desert in Blossom* is less interesting than some of her other pictures. Her work shows a serious purpose. There will be a public exhibition of her pictures during April.

Franz A. Bischoff is planning for a studio to be built in South Pasadena, which place he hopes to make his permanent home. His studio in the Blanchard building contains a great many studies which demonstrate his versatility.

Mrs. Elizabeth Borglum is spending a good deal of time just now at Sierra Madre studying out of-door effects, which later she hopes to incorporate in some large landscapes. The beauty of her still life canvases are well known.

Miss Emily Rutherford will move her studio from the Blanchard building on the first of the month to 716 South Spring street where she will have charge of the permanent exhibit of the Arts and Crafts. The Arts and Crafts are to unite with the Architectural Club in giving a public exhibition during May.

The Ruskin Art club has laid out its programme for next year, beginning in October. Work in black and white will be studied for

the first three Fridays of each month. On the last Friday of the month Mr. Hector Alliot will give a lecture on the subjects gone over by the club during the previous meetings. Thus a most profitable winter's work is looked forward to. The club has decided to give its annual exhibit during the first two weeks in April of each year, beginning in 1908. Last week Irving B. Richman, formerly consul at St. Galls, spoke before the club on the Arts and Crafts of Switzerland. He spoke of California scenery as lacking the human interest which so endears the mountains of the Helvetic republic to the tourist and to the painter alike.

Benjamin Brown's exhibition will continue at Bentz gallery, Pasadena, during the coming fortnight.

William Keith will give an exhibition of his pictures at the Blanchard gallery beginning on April 12 and lasting two weeks.

C. P. Neilson will exhibit some of his recent water colors at Steckel's gallery during April. The exhibition will begin on the eighth, continuing for two weeks.

John Donnevan opened on last Monday an exhibition of his marines at Miss Nicholson's gallery in Pasadena. Mr. Donovan has lived for a number of years in Detroit and is familiar

with the scenery of the great lakes, besides having studied sea effects both on the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts. He apparently has a sailor's love for watery highways. His pictures are mainly studies of the deep sea away from any threatening coast. The ocean which he paints is alive with the swirl and swish of windy days. He paints storm but not tragedy. His billows are to be reckoned with but not to be feared.

One of the most attractive of his pictures is *The Wind that Follows Fast*. It is a strong study of cloud and sea with a large sailing craft partially hid in a cloudy spray. It has the freshness and crispness of a water color and has as much atmosphere as anything in the collection. It is a delightfully breezy canvas. It is the best kind of an invitation to a voyage.

The Irish Sea is a fine study of gray clouds. *Irish Headland* shows a bit of coast lighted by a gleam of sun light which pierces rain laden masses of cloud. *A Deep Sea Meeting* is a picture of a sailing vessel and a steamer passing in mid-ocean. *Messenger of the Past* is painted in a warmer key than some of the other canvases. *White Squall* is a study of an oncoming storm which is likely to be disastrous. *French Fisherman* is a charming bit of sunset color. *The Gull* is an impression of the open sea with a touch of opalescent sky. On the whole this is an exhibition well worth visiting. *Perez Field.*

Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:—

Don't think I'm throwing bouquets, or gushing about our stores, when I say that I doubt if they can be excelled anywhere on the top of the globe. A friend of my girlhood days, just out from London, passed through here Japan-ward, last week, and it really did me good to hear her flattering comparisons between London "shops" and our artistic "stores." Fairly getting beyond her usual trite remark "How very nice," or "How very attractive!"—she clasped ecstatic hands on going through the artistic *Ville de Paris*, and exclaimed, "Oh! I say, 'bully,' don't you know." And "bully" they are, better and better every season and this Easter time best of all.

Conjure up a vision of bonnets and hats all "a-growing and a-blowing" for the edification of God and man on the glorious Sunday morn. And as I have hitherto advised you, dear girl, there is no milliner's establishment

in all this city that can vie with that of Miss Swobdi, of 555 South Broadway. This morning I saw some of the most scrumptious confections in her pretty store, that I have ever set eyes on. I tried last week to give you a feeble idea of one particularly beautiful bird of paradise hat that she has in the new yellow, with long brown streamers drooping behind. But when I saw it again this morning, in all its plumaged wonder, with its saucy birds' heads peeping over a mushroom hat, perched on a nut-brown Marcel, I decided that I had better give it up. Another novelty that was in course of band-boxing was an owl hat; a real, old, grave-yard owl, with all its gray feathers protecting the hat and its wise old head and eyes looking all ready to call "Tu-whit, Tu-whoo." I wonder if it will some night in the Alexandria grill? Well, they are beautiful, these "Swobdis," from the demure garden hats, all rose-flowered, to the haughty Parisian chapeaux, with a million feathers towering over them. Hats—this season—remind me of pollywogs. Most of them have tails, but some older ones have shed them. I wish you could let me select for you a hand-painted flower hat in lavender shades, that I saw in course of purchase at Swobdi's. Tiger lilies and lilacs form the crown, the same flowers, delicately painted on cloth of gold frame, and black velvet ribbon streamers depended therefrom. Stunning? Well, rather, but if you want to know, dear Harriet, how to put on any kind of a hat, from a toadstool to something resembling a black beetle in the throes of death, go to 555 South Broadway and just watch pretty little Miss Swobdi.

This morning I found myself wishing my small daughter could be ranged anywhere between fourteen and eighteen years of age. This metamorphosis happened at the Boston Store, when I viewed with intense admiration the summer frocks, suits and coats that have arrived in abundance for these youthful folk. Small ladies come in under the head of "misses," isn't it lovely to be petite—and some of these

lingerie gowns are quite too chic and charming for words. Jumper suits in linens and plaids, with smart little pony jackets to match, organdie frocks with dainty inserted waists, all linen suits in blues, whites, grays and tans, and the dandiest jackets and loose backed summer serge coats, all silk-lined and pocketed—my dear, these young people have absolutely nothing to grow up to. They have quite as smart a stock and choice an outfitting at the Boston Annex as have the grown-ups on the second floor.

Where the latter come in good and strong just at this moment, is in the waist department at Myer Siegel's, 251-253 South Broadway. They have received this week some of the kind that women go quite dippy over. One fancy waist I saw was of Cluny lace, inserted with real point lace and decorated and trimmed with heavy Irish crochet medallions. The berth effect was carried out in the Cluny and point made over chiffon and softest silk; for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, my child, you could have this priceless bit of fancy dressmaking for your own. Another no less fascinating was in ecru lace with a square bib

Combination Undermuslins

You who've seen only the meager assortments of combination undermuslins that other stores have to show, will be delightfully surprised with the wealth of styles on display here. Corset covers, drawers and underskirt; corset covers and drawers: corset covers and skirts, short or long, from five different makers who produce only the highest-class goods, are here for you to choose from—and laid on long tables, so you can select and compare to your heart's content. Prices go all the way from \$2.25 to \$25.

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effect in various laces, and with the daintiest little frilled elbow sleeve coming from the long Gibson shoulder seam—for sixty-five dollars. From forty to a hundred and fifty dollars you can purchase at this most exclusive establishment any kind of a lovely lace waist you can possibly desire.

Easter gifts are "little trifles, light as air" very often, and have to be, because of the mailing and postage. Now, for a really attractive present, something always welcome, I can't advise you to go to any better place than the ribbon and glove and handkerchief counters in Coulter's big establishment. My dear, they have an absolutely full line of the very latest things in gloves of every shade, kind and price. Silk gloves are still much in demand, and will be more and more so as the warm weather comes on. Coulter's assortment will keep them busy. I never saw so many lovely graded shades to match any garment possible as they have at this moment. Glace kid in sixteen button length in every shade are to be had there for \$3.75 a pair—so we might have a quarter left. Then the long silk gloves come in plain or embroidered styles, the latter very much the mode, and really wonderfully attractive on the hand. The handkerchief stock at Coulter's is quite complete. Armenian lace is very chic and much in demand and a beautiful selection of this fine and dainty handwork is to be found at this store. From fifty cents to \$2.50 per, a handkerchief not to be sneezed at can be bought, and it makes a delightful little Easter remembrance. Next week I must tell you all about the Indian lace and the wonderful ribbons at Coulter's, but they have so many beautiful novelties that you really ought to take a day off to study them.

You know, dear, about a man's toilet—"When in doubt, send a tie," and when in

doubt as to the tie go to Taylor's, at 525 South Broadway. This spring the decree goes forth for grey in garments and green in tie and socks. You can't go wrong, dear, if you play from "Strength in green and gray."

"Oh, Shades of Bridge, this d—d inclement weather"—as a Britisher politely puts it, continues to favor our friend, Onz, the tailor, on Hill street. He isn't doing a thing but rushing the garments that will stand the climate and yet not make the wearer a "horrid fright." To Onz, then, for feminine automobile and rain garments.

And talking of automobiles, let me explode and exploit to you, dear girl, the latest wrinkle in the automobile veil. Go to the good Ville de Paris for this—you will be shown a large square of soft wash chiffon, one and a quarter yards square, with hem-stitched wide edge. This you put on the hat as you might pin a tablecloth or a pillow slip, and meet it smoothly at the nape of the neck; now across the sweeping folds of drapery at the back, you fasten a long, barred pin or clasp or ornament of some kind, and there you have the most fascinating "Hading veil," the very latest thing from London, and ever so up-to-date and becoming. The Ville has a splendid assortment of these Du Barry scarfs in all shades and lengths. A lavender bought at a dollar a yard, and hem-stitched at home, makes a fascinating big scarf. Chantilly lace veils in white champagne and black, real princesse lace veils and polka-dotted chiffon spots, on finest net, are no end

stylish and becoming. The old, old fashioned grand-mothery veil, with a little ruffle "around-around-around" is awfully nobby this spring, though not so good in a gale of wind or on one of our recent "sample" days in the land of sunshine.

Before I say au revoir, I must tell you that Blackstone's, corner of Third and Spring, have just received a most charming selection of spring suits in light weight fancy materials. Voile is going to be especially good this season, and Blackstone's have made a pretty selection in this line. Striped voile over taffeta, in greys, tans and pale blues, are awfully effective and cool looking, with their dainty little Eton jackets and long Gibson shoulder pleatings. I saw some splendid prices in linen suits, in white and colors at Blackstone's and some at long prices were just too "dear" for any use. But mind you, for ordinary street wear, during the warm weather you needn't be a bit scoffing at Blackstone's cheaper linen garments. From twelve dollars to a hundred and fifty you may select any style of a stylish summer wash linen, and be glad to have it too. But the beauties in the white linens, trimmed with real Irish lace, rather take the joy out of the humble braided sister. Anyhow, Blackstone's is good to try for summer suits and are always trustworthy.

Adios, once more,

Yours,

Lucille.

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Autos and Autoists

It takes some time to print the *Graphic* and, as you may imagine, I am writing this a few days before you will read it. Under these circumstances it is hard to know just what to talk about. Automobile columns are supposed to be interesting to the public, just like "By the Way" or any talk published in a weekly paper. Therefore it is hard to find news that will not be old by the time we go to press and equally hard to comment on that same news in a way that will arouse a dying interest. If the average automobile owner, who opens his *Graphic* each week and turns to the Auto news to see what is happening, only knew what toil and trouble the writer experienced before this effort was ready for public inspection, he would say to himself "This fellow has worked hard; I do not think he has written anything of importance, but he conveys news in a palatable form and does it under grave disadvantages; therefore I will read what he says and enjoy the little attempts he makes to amuse me."

Mr. Wollaber, the guardian of the weather, is really responsible for this preamble. He has caused continuous rain which has washed out the road beds of the railroads and delayed matters generally. Hundreds of carloads of automobiles are on their way to Los Angeles, but owing to the weather and the wash-outs, they do not arrive. The consequence is that all the dealers have one long sad lament, which they pour into the ears of the newspaper men.

"We have a hundred cars ordered but they do not arrive, there are four cars stalled at Mojave, there are five cars waiting at Kansas City, in fact we have cars stalled all along all the lines but they do not arrive and we cannot keep our customers quiet. That is all the news we can give you."

It is very hard to be obliged to assure purchasers who have already paid for their cars or, at least, made a deposit, that their cars have not arrived but are expected on each train; yet it would be very much harder to bear if there were no customers to talk to and "jolly". As a matter of fact the automobile dealers of Los Angeles are all doing a land-office business and their one trouble is that they cannot make deliveries. When the clerk of the weather regains his temper and allows the railroads to run their trains into Los Angeles, the local motor enthusiasts will all be satisfied. The roads will dry up, the streams will subside and the latter part of April will see this Southern California the motoring paradise it always has been and always will be.

Speaking about the weather and the recent rains, the hardy mariners have returned from the second voyage of discovery in the good ship Pope-Hartford. The last time they set sail, they reached Port Elizabeth where they were obliged to leave their craft at anchor and return by a tramp steam schooner (that is the south-bound Owl train). Their second at-

tempt was more successful as, though they did not make the Golden Gate, they reached

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Broadway 3925

Fresno Harbor and ran their vessel into safe anchorage. Captain Reuss with his crew returned last Saturday. "We had a stormy voyage" he said "and are glad to be back in the home port. We left the old mud scow on the ways in Fresno Harbor. We tried to get her into dry dock but, owing to the floods and the high tides there was no chance, so we left her in the care of a well-known ship-wright who will take care that she is pulled out and thoroughly overhauled before being re-launched."

I found Capt. Reuss and first mate Dingley in the White Garage and asked them if they had had a pleasant trip. Mate Dingley immediately had a customer to attend to but that good Grand Avenue Bill took me into his private sanctum and told me all about it. "Now," he said, "you have dubbed me with a nickname that bids fair to last me a lifetime; you have joshed our Clarence Jargstorff and made Charlie Christman laugh at himself. Now let me give you a chance to say something about the one and only Dingley." And I told him to talk. This is what he told me. "In the lower part of the San Franciscite canyon there was much water. The fords were impassable in many places and the only thing to do was to make a way up the sides of the ravine until we could find a place where the bed of the stream widened out and made a passage possible. About two miles below the half-way winery we came to a particularly hard place. The ford was absolutely impassable and we had to get the machine up the side of the canyon. This we did without much trouble but, when we reached the top we found that there was a descent of very rough traveling over a grade of about 65 per cent. Bert Dingley had the wheel, I was in the front with him while Robin Adair and Charlie the Blacksmith held down the tonneau. I slipped out and found that the two men in the back had done the same thing. Then we all three made the descent on foot, that is I did because I had nails in my shoes; but I am bound to confess that both Robin and the blacksmith arrived at the bottom in a sitting posture. Then we looked back to see what Bert was doing. He looked down at was in front of him, then he looked behind, then he shook his fists at us and shouted something in French that sounded like "Je n'ai plus peur." Finally he released the brake and jammed the reverse lever back as far as possible with the engine going at full speed. Then the machine began to slide. It was the most comical thing I have ever seen. The back wheels were turning in a reverse direction as hard as they could go while the machine slid forwards with ever increasing speed. Bert froze onto the steering wheel, but steering did no good; he was at the mercy of the steep grade and the rocks that lay in his path. About fifty feet before he reached the place where we were standing he struck a comparatively level piece of ground. He threw out the reverse lever, slowed down the engine and put his foot on the brake. The machine glided along and came to a standstill right in front of us. Bert, with an admirable air of "insouciance," jumped out of the car and said "Well, you fellows, it's a good thing you let me bring her down, I used to go in for tobogganing in the east—but the next time there is any more of this back-wheeling slide the slide to be done I shall certainly allow a less important man to take the wheel."

The front axle was broken just before they reached Neenach, on the desert, and here they had to wait until a new axle could be obtained. Charles, the blacksmith, was charged double fare at meal times as an understood thing. In fact, at Neenach, the proprietor of the hotel

stated that he would never feed four men at the same rates that he charged for Charles, but he had a strong penchant for autoists and wanted to show his good-fellowship. The following morning Bert Dingley undertook to show madame, the cook, how to fry eggs. The lady, being Irish, objected to British interference and finally projected some half-cooked "hen fruit" into Bert's steering gear. Then she flounced upstairs, packed her clothes and gave the hotel keeper short and sharp notice. As she disappeared in the direction of the railroad station Grand Avenue Bill caught a snapshot of her which is very funny. But, oh shades of Nemesis, Bert had to do all the cooking during the rest of their stay while Robin and the blacksmith washed the dishes.

Coming down from Fresno one of the four mariners, whose name shall not be mentioned in these columns lest he gain too much fame, started rhyming. His companions snubbed him without effect until he suddenly gave a shriek of joy. "I have it, I have it," he yelled. "That fellow on the Graphic has been handing it to all of us. Now here is one on the Cap and we will make him publish it." So here it is:

*Captain Ryus, tell us gently,
Speak in whispers soft and low,
How far on the way to 'Frisco
Did the great Pope-Hartford go?*

*Answers then our Harmon angered,
Strong his accents, loud his tone,
"It's a darn good thing for you sir
That you're talking through the 'phone."
And the answer is lesé majesté.*

MOLINE



5 Models are our '07 output

A few specifications follow

2	Cyl'er	Touring	car-20	H. P.	\$1,350
4	"	"	"	"	\$1,500
4	"	"	"-25	"	\$2,100
4	"	"	"-35	"	\$2,600
4	"	Runabout	"-20	"	\$1,800

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HAYNES

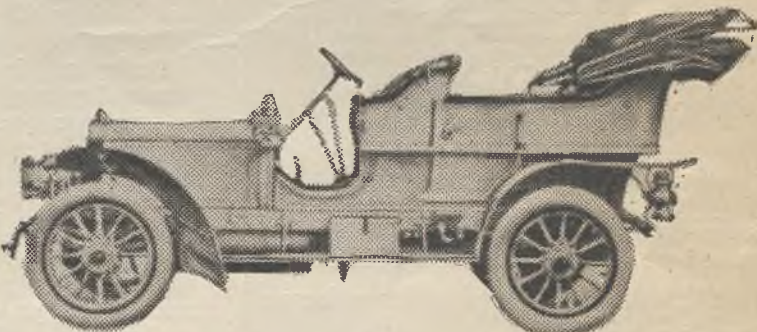
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For thirteen years we have been making (not assembling) automobiles, always under the keen eye of Elwood Haynes, the original genius of the company, and the pioneer to whose resources and inventiveness almost every automobile in America is, in some respect, in debt. The old situation—Haynes perfecting, rivals afterward copying—exists today.

Take our rear axle roller drive, for instance. This feature is unique in the Haynes. It takes the place of bevel gears and makes feasible the previously impossible high-powered shaft-driven cars.

It was this Model T that upheld the Haynes reputation for reliability in the Vanderbilt Cup Race—our regular stock model—the only stock car in the race.

Conservatism and progressiveness are combined in the 1907 Haynes.



The Haynes Standard 50 H. P. Touring Car for 1907, Model "T," the highest powered shaft driven car built. Price \$3,500. Our other type is Model "S" 30 H. P. Price \$2,500.

SUPERIOR AUTO CO.

Telephone—F 2779, Broadway 8603.

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Complete Equipment

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 Riverside—G. Young.
 Santa Barbara—T. P. Izard.
 Santa Paula (Ventura County)—Guy L. Har-
 dison.
 Nipomo—John Cook.
 Santa Monica—A. W. McPherson.
 Anaheim—O. M. Skinner.
 Downey—W. W. Bramlette.
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Reo Runabouts, \$675, \$700, \$1150, \$1300.
 Reo Light Touring Cars, \$1250, \$1350, \$1400,
 \$1500, \$2650.

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Member Automobile Dealers' Association of Southern California

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"The Car Ahead"

THE CARTER GAR

Did We Make a Hit at the Show?

Yes, we surely did.

\$1450 Takes This XX Century

Masterpiece.

Specifications: Full 20 h. p. 94-inch wheel base; ignition, jump spark; Hyatt bearings; pressed steel frame and dash. Control over steering wheel. Equipped with five lamps. Prestolite tank.

Occident Motor Car Co.

Pacific Coast Agents, 2731-2733 W. Pico St.

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The Maxwell

Winner in the Altadena hill-climb.

Maxwell Runabout,

Time, 3:03.

Four-cylinder Tourabout,

Time, 2:56 1-5.

The Runabout was one of the latest cars entered.

It is 14 H. P. and costs \$325 less than any car of other makes that finished.

Isn't this the car you want?

WAYNE

Touring Cars and Runabouts

16 to 60 Horse Power \$800 to \$3,650.

E. Jr. BENNETT AUTOMOBILE CO.

Gen. Agents for Southern California

The San Diego Automobile Gymkhana has been postponed until next Saturday and Sunday, March 30 and 31. It is a good thing that they did postpone it as the weather has been anything but propitious for such an event. I have never seen a Gymkhana of this kind, but I shall certainly go there next Saturday, tide and weather permitting. There are two ways to go to San Diego. One is by land and the other by sea. The recent rains have made it almost impossible for an automobile to get through, but the Santa Fé trains are running and there are plenty of good, seaworthy craft to take one down by way of Mother Ocean. I have chosen the latter route and, if the engine does not break down and the westerly wind holds fair, there will be a little coterie of auto enthusiasts at Coronado recognizable by the salt on their faces and the salt-slang on their tongues.

Here are the entries for the Gymkhana. The races will be run off on Sunday, the "funny" events taking place on Saturday. The 8:45 Santa Fé train Saturday morning will land you at Coronado in time for most of the fun, provided that there are no washouts between now and then.

First Event.

Half mile speed judging contest, the operator running nearest to a rate of ten miles an hour to be declared the winner. Speed recording devices on the car to be covered.

Second Event.

One mile speed judging contest, the operator running nearest to the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Third Event.

One hundred yard dash from standing start.

Fourth Event.

One hundred yard dash, from standing start, to the hundred yard line (the front wheels of the car to cross the line) then reversing and backing fifty feet.

Fifth Event.

Brake test, in which the car is to run one hundred yards, then come to a dead stop as nearly as possible at the one hundred yard line, and not more than one yard from it.

Sixth Event.

One hundred yard dash, turn and go back to the starting line.

Seventh Event.

One hundred yard dash, with one front wheel running along a hundred feet of narrow wooden pathway.

Eighth Event.

One hundred yard race and back, passing alternately, obstacles placed on the track.

Ninth Event.

Tilting at the ring. The competitor, holding a lance in his hand, and running his car at a rate of not less than twenty miles an hour, has to carry off a number of rings suspended over the track.

Tenth Event.

Contestants driving at a speed of at least fifteen miles an hour from a standing start, are required to drop stones into buckets placed at intervals along a hundred yard course.

Eleventh Event.

Three mile race for touring cars in road condition, and carrying four passengers.

There is a man at the Maxwell-Briscoe garage who is worth knowing. His name is I. M. Dodge. He wears overalls on occasions, but always wears a sunny smile that would warm the heart of the coldest purchaser on earth. I asked Mr. Dodge what his position in the garage was. "Salesman, jollier, foreman, master mechanic and jack-of-all-trades," he answered. It was raining when I went in to see him and he had been showing one of the men in the repair depart-

ment how to fix a wet coil. He looked like and ordinary workman but I soon found that he was something else when I began to talk to him. "News," quoth he. "News, there is no news, I can give you but the same old story, we have no cars to deliver. We have—now honestly, this is the real dope—if you don't believe me, ask the bookkeeper; seventy-nine 1907 models ordered and paid for. Alas, they do not come." I told him not to fret but to tell me something about the hill climbing contest. "I drove our fourteen-horse-power-run-about," he said, and beat fifteen of them. It is true that ten cars beat me but you can bet that I have a fine explanation for that. Why wouldn't higher power cars defeat me in a little dinky old fourteener?" Then I asked him what he thought about the value of such contests as far as salesmen are concerned. This is what he told me and it is very good sense. "The advertising possibilities of these contests are not over estimated. Since that hill climb we have had twenty inquiries about our little run-about to one about all our other machines. People saw what a good showing she made and they come around to investigate. You would be surprised to see how wise the automobile buying public is to the merits of different engines and machines. Nowadays, the man who buys an auto has usually had at least one and sometimes four or five machines before and

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We sell second-hand Autos
and are repair specialists.

Storage? Yes, indeed!

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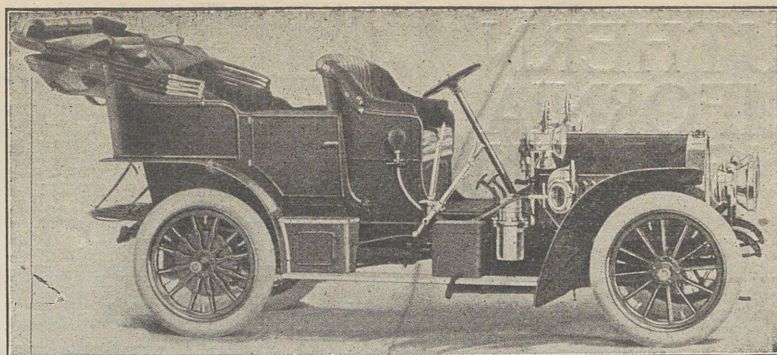
Broadway 3359

he knows what he is doing. But (with great emphasis) the management of these contests should make a new rule with regards to gasoline. All the gasoline used should be provided by the committee in charge and should be poured into empty tanks which should be sealed up after the tanks are filled. It is too easy for contestants to 'dope' their gasoline with chemicals that will give their oil a higher explosive power. I do not know whether this was done in the recent contest; perhaps so, perhaps not, still I think that precautions should be taken." Mr. Dodge, who is nothing if not a practical man, has promised to give me a talk on a subject of great interest to myself as well as all auto enthusiasts, a subject indeed, on which I openly announce myself a crank, that is the mixing of water with gasoline; alcohol, Seakaloid, Turburine and the cheapening of generating power in general.

Seakaloid is the name given to an alcoholic product distilled from a weed that grows in the northern part of England in great profusion. The name comes from the resemblance of the weed to the vegetable Sea Kale. It is claimed by the inventor that this kind of alcohol has greater explosive capacity than any other kind of volatile vegetable product. "Turburine," as its name suggests, is a chemical product that was used by an inventor who thought he had discovered the secret of the gasoline turbine. While he did not produce a turbine, he accidentally discovered the means of producing an explosive oil which he claims is very cheap.

Have you heard the expression "Here's my regards?" It is a recognition of Bacchus and good-fellowship. Permit me to give you a tip. Any time that you inveigle a motorist into a place where they serve high balls, while you grasp your seltzer sour and gaze despondingly on the wild autoist who stoops to conquer the awful draught from the cellars of John Barleycorn, murmur gently, "Here's mudguards."

Some years ago, I hate to say how many, I ran into Rob Rowan in the old Turkish baths on Third street. The weather was hot and it was about the only way to get cool. We got to talking about automobiles; the first one had just appeared in Los Angeles. "You have been yachting for a long time haven't you," said Rob, "and you know how well a gasoline engine drives a boat. Now I want to tell you that it will not be three years before this town is full of them and it won't be many years before I have the best one in town. That is, if this town goes ahead in the way I think it will." At that time Rob was working for Bill Garland for a comparatively small salary. Two weeks later he started out for himself. His double prediction has been fulfilled. Midas turns in his grave and the Rowan Locomobile Limousine can be seen on Spring street. That Type H, Locomobile Limousine is a wonder. To me, who know only of the interiors of machines, of sparking, of gears, of brakes, of crankshafts, of oiling devices and of all the hundred and one details that make the present day auto; the finish of the Limousine is something to be wondered at. It is the height of luxury. It is, in fact, the ideal vehicle for town use. It is not the particular make that I lay stress on, it is the mode and the method. The former is represented by the finest maroon finish of all woodwork (done in France, by the way) and the latter by the trivial conveniences, from the electric reading lamp to the twelve point annunciator that enables the occupant of the limousine to direct the driver exactly where to go by a simple pressure of the finger.



This week the following deliveries of Locomobiles, Type E, have been made.

A. C. Bilicke Randolph H. Miner W. H. Morehouse
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Open Day and Night, and absolutely fire proof

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White Garage

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ARE NOW SHOWING THEIR

1907 PEERLESS AND OLDSMOBILES

Come and inspect our handsome new quarters

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Boarding and Repairing a Specialty.

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Better Book Your Order Right Away. They Include Both Gasoline and Electric.

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INTEREST, 4 PER CENT ON TERM
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It Pays to Save

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\$1 Will Start a Savings Account

Fourth & Spring

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at close of business, November 12, 1906.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts.....	\$10,726,007.89
Overdrafts.....	110,598.50
U. S. Bonds.....	1,597,160.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds.....	57,450.99
Bonds.....	1,082,550.28
Due from U. S. Treasurer.....	62,500.00
Furniture and Fixtures.....	47,686.41
Cash on Hand (special deposit).....	120,000.00
Cash.....	\$2,993,926.00
Due from other banks.....	2,886,466.88
	5,880,392.88

LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock.....	\$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus.....	250,000.00
Undivided Profits.....	1,280,878.89
Circulation.....	1,250,000.00
Special Deposit, City Treasurer.....	120,000.00
Bonds Borrowed.....	145,000.00
Deposits.....	15,388,468.06
	\$19,684,346.95

ADDITIONAL ASSETS—One Million Five Hundred Thousand Dollars Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Co., and held by the Officers of the First National Bank, as Trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.

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SAFETY AND PROFIT

Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you 4 per cent. interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$2.00 up.

STATE BANK AND TRUST CO.

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President

S. F. ZOMBRO
Cashier

Capital \$500,000

Deposits \$2,000,000

Financial

Articles of incorporation of the Colton Savings Bank have been filed. The authorized capital stock is placed at \$25,000, fully paid up in the following sums: J. B. Coulston, \$14,000; L. C. Newcomer, \$3,000; G. B. Caster, \$2,000; O. L. Emery, F. H. Pritchard, J. A. Champion, and C. M. Crissinger, each \$1,000; D. W. Willits, N. H. Cooley, F. B. Hathaway and F. R. Warnick, each \$500.

J. T. Culms has resigned from the directorate of the Consolidated Bank of Elsinore and C. D. Poole of Elsinore has been elected to fill the vacancy.

City Treasurer Hance is completing arrangements by which the bulk of the funds in the city treasury will be deposited in local banks at a rate not lower than 2 per cent per annum. This will add at least \$30,000 annually to the city's revenue.

Bonds

The school board of Santa Barbara (city) has practically decided to call for a bond issue of from \$18,000 to \$20,000 for additional school buildings.

The city council of Santa Barbara will soon issue a call for a bond election, \$50,000 being needed for bulkhead improvements.

The Lowell school district of San Bernardino County votes April 5 on an issue of \$27,000 for school house site and building.

Whittier will vote shortly on an issue of \$100,000 for sewer construction.

Tucson, Ariz., has voted favorably on the following issues: water department, \$260,000; fire department, \$25,000; city hall \$15,000.

Governor Gillett has signed the bill introduced by Assemblyman Phil A. Stanton of Los Angeles, which is the enabling act to permit Los Angeles to issue bonds for the construction of the great Owens river water system. The bill provides that bonds may be issued serially so that the bonds may be sold in amounts of \$5,000,000 each. Another bill provides that the board of Public Works in carrying on this work, may either let contracts for certain portions of it, or go ahead and do the work.

At a mass meeting of the citizens of San Dimas the city trustees were requested to call an election to vote upon an issue of \$20,000 school bonds.

Long Beach voters have refused to ratify the proposition to issue \$200,000 bonds for a new high school and \$100,000 for a grammar school.

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Leaves to Cut

A new novel by Arthur Thomas Quiller-Couch, B. A., better known as "Q," called *Poison Island*, has just been published. This is a story of treasure hunting carried on by a band of whimsical and highly amusing characters, one of whom is of a poetical turn.

Outdoors: A Book of the Woods, Fields and Marshlands, by Ernest McGaffey, which will be published shortly, is a volume of papers revealing a love of nature, keenness of observation and power and beauty of description altogether unusual and perhaps surpassed by only one or two nature-loving authors. Mr. McGaffey's poems have placed him in the front rank of those whose insight into nature's secrets and whose gift of telling the reader what they saw have given importance and distinction to their work. In these intimate studies he shows a wide range of sympathy from the contemplation of Nature in some of her most impressive aspects to a whimsically humorous picture of the delights of fishing for crappie. Fishing and shooting, in all the varieties in which they are practiced in the Middle West, form a considerable portion of the volume, while such titles as *Walking as a Fine Art*, *Down the Saint Jo River*, and *In Prairie Lands* indicate the unhackneyed nature of the subjects. There are thirty-two papers in all.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian author, has bought Wandrinne abbey, the old monastery on the banks of the Seine, between Rouen and Caudebec. The building used to be the home of 400 monks, and though it is 1,300 years old may be restored to a habitable condition.

When Thomas Hardy took the manuscript of *Under the Greenwood Tree* to the late Mr. Tinsley, that enterprising publisher offered the novelist the sum of 25 pounds for the book. Mr. Hardy accepted the sum, although he owned that he was "a bit disappointed," adding that nevertheless he "meant to keep on." Next came his book *A Pair of Blue Eyes*, for which Mr. Tinsley gave the novelist 100 pounds, saying: "There is no great money in the book but I can see that Hardy is going to get a grip some day."

The Macmillans have published Jack London's latest novel *Before Adam*. Of this work a reviewer says:

"This book lacks a deal of the charm that belongs to the author's animal stories. It has the demerit of an autobiographical basis, and we are asked to believe that it is an actual amplification of the actual inherited memories of the days when men ran naked through the woods, living in rock clefts and caves, and disputing for their sustenance with the saber-toothed tiger and the hyena. That is a heavy burden to assume at the beginning of such a book, and it has to be carried to the last page. When Jack London wrote *The Call of the Wild* he was accused of plagiarising from Egeron R. Young's *My Dogs in the Northland*, and he defended himself by saying that while he had indeed borrowed some material without

giving a very legible I. O. U. therefor; Mr. Young's book was but a statement of fact of which a legitimate, if second-hand, use had been made. As already shown by the *Argonaut*, there is a similar and even more striking resemblance between *Before Adam* and Stanley Waterloo's *The Story of Ab*, and what has been called the deadly parallel column has more than usually deadly results. It may be that the "statement of fact" theory will once more apply, and that Jack London and Stanley Waterloo happened to have similar and coincidental inherited memories. Mr. London says that he and Mr. Waterloo have studied the same scientific books, but if this be so, what becomes of the inherited memory that Mr. London effectively uses as the basis for his story of pre-Adamic days? The story is, of course, well told, and of its scientific accuracy we must leave others to judge. The story of prehistoric days—even if we knew enough about them, which we do not—does not lend itself to a recital in the first person, and the incongruity of such a handling is apparent all the way through.

Henry Leach in "*Great Golfers in the Making*" has put together the recollections and experiences of thirty four masters of the art and science of golfing, both professional and amateur, giving them when requested by the writer, a little literary finish, and he prefaces them with some considerations of his own. The "masters" have every right to the appellation. They have won among them the British Open Championship twenty-six times (Tom Morris and Harry Vardon four times, James Braid, J. H. Taylor, and R. Ferguson three times each), and a multitude of other distinctions. "Old Tom Morris" is very amusing with his stories of golf as it was, though he

does not give us much practical information. From some of the papers, however, much may be learned. There are many curious things in the game, but some of the eccentricities of putting stand out among them. Harry Vardon, for instance, tells us that when he played off the tie for the Open Championship at Muirfield in 1896 he used an old cleek for the purpose. He saw it in a shop at North Berwick; it took his fancy, and he used it for that occasion only. There seems to be no part of the game in which the nerves are more concerned. The conditions are very simple, and yet the variety of the results is very great. A golfer, whether good or bad, will find this volume interesting.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.

LAND OFFICE.

Los Angeles, Cal.,

March 2, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Charles H. Harder of Los Angeles Co., Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 9472 made Jan. 8, 1901, for the — N.W. ¼, Section 34, Township 1 N., Range 17 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, Cal., on April 30th, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Charles Victor Gordon, Walter Stund, John Perrit, Elmar Stevenson, all of Calabasas, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Mar-23-07-5t—Date of first publication Mar. 23-07.

CONTEST NOTICE.

Department of the Interior,
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Los Angeles, Cal.,

March 12th, 1907.

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Alexander W. McGahan, contestant, against Homestead Entry No. 11097, made April 30th, 1906, for Lot 1, Section 34, Lots 1, 2, 3 and 4, Section 35, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., by Jas. R. Shaw, Contestee, in which it is alleged that said Jas. R. Shaw has not established his residence upon said land within six months from date of entry; that there is not now any building for residence purposes upon said land; and that said Jas. R. Shaw has been absent from said land for a longer period than six months, actual residence. That said alleged absence was not due to his employment in the Army, Navy, or Marine Corps of the United States during war time.

Said parties are hereby notified to appear and respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on June 1, 1907, before the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Los Angeles, Cal.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed March 12th, 1907, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice can not be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

O. R. W. ROBINSON, Receiver.

Mar-23-4t—Date of first publication Mar. 23-07.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior,
LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal.,

March 4th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph Schandoney of Chatsworth, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final five-year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 9135 made March 5, 1900, for the W. ½ of N.E. ¼, N.W. ¼ of S.E. ¼ and N.E. ¼ of S.W. ¼ Section 25, Township 3 N., Range 17 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver, at Los Angeles, Cal., on May 3rd, 1907.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Adolph Guio of Los Angeles, Cal., Andrew Joughin of Los Angeles, Cal., J. T. Joughin of Hyde Park, Cal., J. L. Vignes of Newhall, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Mar-23-07-5t—Date of first publication Mar. 23-07.

NOTICE.

Notice of Stockholders' Meeting for Considering and Voting upon the Proposition of Increasing the Capital Stock of the Corporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that by order of the Board of Directors of the Whittier Lumber and Mill Company, a corporation, duly passed and adopted, a meeting of the stockholders of said corporation has been called for the purpose of considering and voting upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from \$25,000.00, divided into 250 shares of the par value of \$100.00 each, to \$50,000.00, divided into 500 shares of the par value of \$100.00 each; said meeting will be held on Monday, the 20th day of May, 1907, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M., at the office of said corporation, Room 309, H. W. Hellman Building, at the northeast corner of Fourth and Spring Streets, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, that being the principal place of business of said corporation, and the building where the Board of Directors usually meet.

The object of said meeting is to consider and vote upon the proposition of increasing the capital stock of said corporation from \$25,000.00, divided into 250 shares of the par value of \$100.00 each, to \$50,000.00, divided into 500 shares of the par value of \$100.00 each.

By order of the Board of Directors of the Whittier Lumber and Mill Company, a corporation.

Dated at Los Angeles, California, this 12th day of March, 1907.

IRVING L. BLINN,

Secretary of said Corporation,

Mar-16-9t—Date of first publication Mar. 16, 1907.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Los Angeles, Cal.,

February 5th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, James A. Decker of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. —, for the purchase of the Lots 1, 2 and 3 of Section No. 29, and S.W. ¼ of S.E. ¼ and S.E. ¼ of S.W. ¼ (Lot 1) Section 20, in Township No. 1 South, Range No. 19 West, S.B. M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Los Angeles, Cal., on Friday, the 12th day of April, 1907.

He names as witnesses: Freeman H. Kincaid, Elmer L. Kincaid, Ernest F. Decker, A. L. Kincaid, all of Los Angeles, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 12th day of April, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Feb. 9-9t—Date of first publication Feb. 9, 1907.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal.,

March 14th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Mable G. Kelch, of Los Angeles, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. —, for the purchase of the Lots 2 and 3, S.E. ¼ of N.W. ¼ and N.E. ¼ of S.W. ¼, of Section No. 18, in Township No. 1 South, Range No. 19 West, S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Friday, the 24th day of May, 1907.

She names as witnesses:

Marion Decker of Santa Monica, Cal., I. S. Colyer, of Santa Monica, Cal., Freeman M. Kincaid of Los Angeles, Cal., Perry Cottle of Sherman, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 24th day of May, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Mar-23-07-5t—Date of first publication Mar. 23-07.

Yosemite Valley

and

Mariposa Big Trees

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Special Pullman Car, Mondays,
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to Raymond, leaving Los Angeles
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BISHOP'S CUP CHOCOLATE

One cake makes one cup. Prepared in a minute with boiling water.

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Something "extra fine" for your enjoyment today—our genuine Formosa Oolong, among the most popular Teas ever placed on this market.

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Order Tea at Jevne's.

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If competition should bring

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and you found yourself tied
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you would be pretty sure you had been buncoed.

And it would be poor consolation to have your iron-clad contract called merely "an expression of your appreciation and support."

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THAT—

Puritas is used daily, and endorsed in unqualified terms by 225 physicians, 10 hospitals and 71 druggists.



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DOUBLY DISTILLED WATER.

5 GALLON DEMIJOHN—40c.

Coupon book, 5 demijohns—\$1.90.

Book good for 10 demijohns—\$3.60.

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